JB Smith

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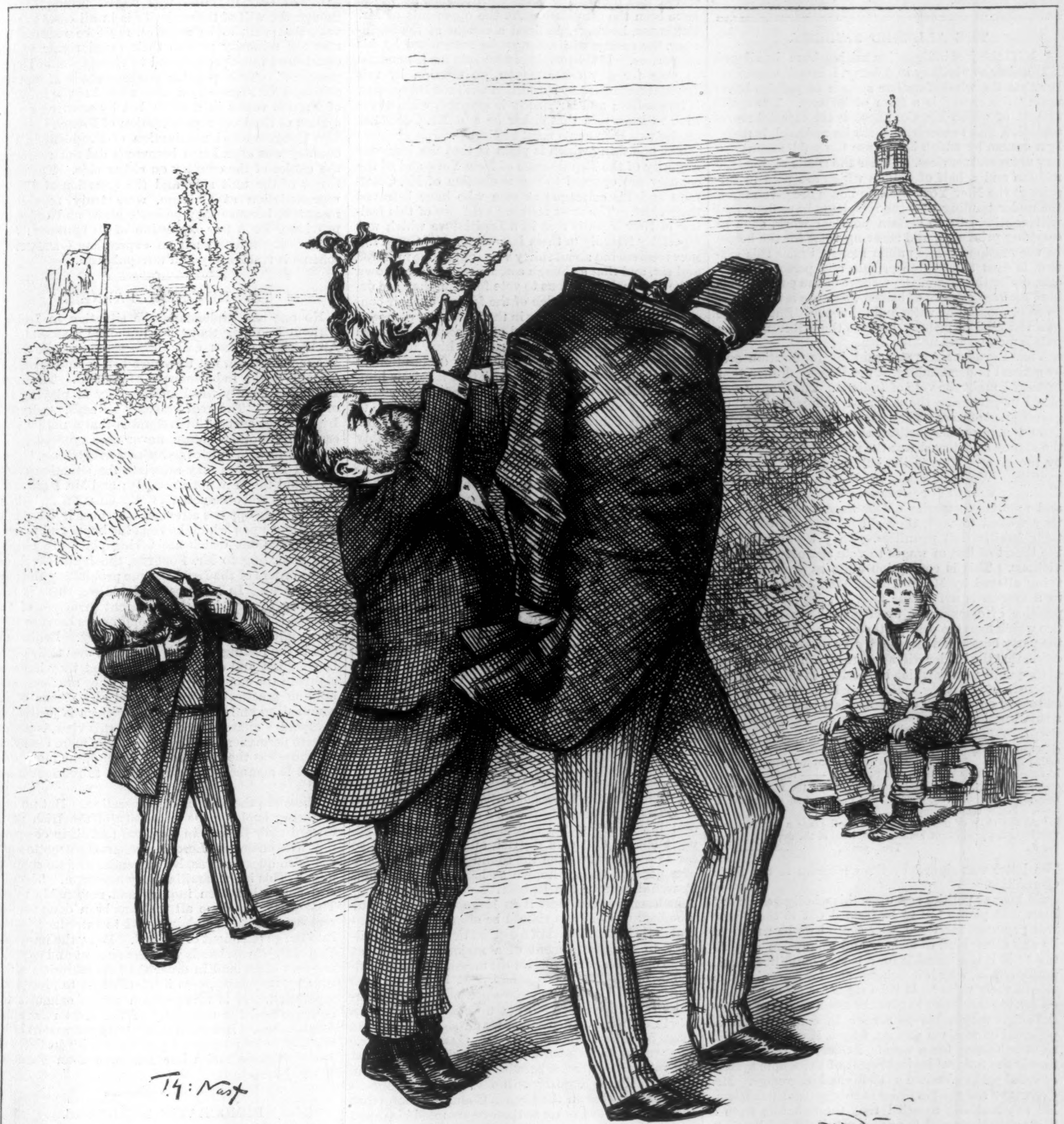


HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 2, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 86 of Harper's Young People, *issued June 21, opens with one of* Benson J. Lossing's *interesting historical stories, entitled "The Fair Messenger," with a full front-page illustration. It also contains "How Tom Jones Lost His Promotion," a story for the close of the school year, by* Mrs. Frank McCarthy; *Chapter VII. of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" in which the "Ghost" becomes a wreck; "Reckless Sparrows," a story by* James Otis; *"Landing a River-Horse," a story of hippopotamus-hunting in Western Africa, with a full-page illustration; Part II. of "The Daisy Cot," with two illustrations; a page of "Wiggles"; and other attractions.*

THE ALLEGED BRIBERY.

AMID the just indignation arising from the alleged attempt at bribery in Albany, it is well to remember that the whole familiar system of politics based upon "the spoils" is a form of bribery. The spoils system, of which Mr. Conkling is the especial representative, and to confirm which he resigned, is merely a system by which bosses use the public money to buy votes and services. Under the spoils régime, the million and a half of dollars which are paid in salaries at the New York Custom-house are given upon the understanding that the recipients have done and will continue to do certain political work, such as carrying primaries, and securing votes for the bosses in conventions. The public money, under this system, is used to promote private and personal interests, under the plea of the welfare of the party. This is of the very essence of bribery, because it is the payment of money for votes and influence. But it is the meanest kind of bribery, because the briber uses the public money, and not his own.

Vice-President Arthur said, by implication and by general understanding, at the Dorsey dinner, that Dorsey bought the vote of Indiana. The money was raised in part from the enforced "contributions" of government officers. They felt—and the general practice for many years justified them in thinking—that the money so extorted was the price of the place held by the giver. This is the baldest robbery and corruption. We have ourselves known place-holders distinctly warned at conventions by their appointing and removing superior officer that if they voted as they wished to vote, they should be removed, and their families left penniless. They were forced by the threat of loss of wages to vote against their convictions. This is corruption quite as gross as anything alleged by Mr. Bradley. That it is reduced to a system is a familiar fact. It begins with the practice of assessments upon place-holders—a practice which fixes the price of the place. That is to say, the party bosses and managers give a place upon condition that the holder will agree to return a percentage of the public money which he receives in salary for the expenses of the party. Here, for instance, is a letter addressed on the 25th of October last to the holder of a small national office:

> "Dear Sir,—Our books show that you have paid no heed to either of the requests of this committee for funds. The time for action is short. I need not say to you that an important canvass like the one now being made in a State like —— requires a great outlay of money, and we look to you, as one of the Federal beneficiaries, to help bear the burden. Two per cent. of your salary is ——. Please remit promptly.
>
> "At the close of the campaign we shall place a list of those who have not paid in the hands of the head of the department you are in. Truly yours, —— ——."

The letter was signed by the chairman of the State Committee.

So long as politics rest upon this wholly mercenary basis that places are to be farmed out to those who will pay most for them, why should we be surprised by any other kind of bribery and corruption in politics? If it is honorable for a party committee to sell public offices, why is it dishonorable for Assemblymen to sell their votes? If it be right for an appointing officer to promise or to give the emoluments of a public office within his patronage in consideration of personal or partisan service, why is it wrong for him to offer money for a vote? Bribery in the Legislature is the natural logical result of the whole system of venal politics known as spoils and patronage. Mr. Conkling resigned in order to strengthen this system. He substantially asserted that the Senators from a State should control the payment of the public money within it in the form of the salaries of minor officers. He asked the Legislature of New York to approve that doctrine. He expected to impose it upon a willing Senate. He and his henchmen in New York have constantly conformed to it. They have unscrupulously used the appointing and removing power to reward and punish subordinates. Obviously it is a totally corrupt system. It poisons the fountains of free government. But the corruption is quite as vital when it is employed in the form of patronage to control the votes of a Convention as when, by the open tender of money, it is used to buy the votes of a Legislature. If it should be proved that money has been paid to members of the Legislature to sign or not to sign a call for a caucus, to vote for or against any candidate, or for any other illicit purpose, let every person proved to be guilty be punished to the utmost. But so long as the people allow party bosses to pay their way with the public money in the form of spoils, they must expect votes to be bought in Legislatures, and politics to be corrupted at every point.

THE CONTEST AT ALBANY.

The second week of the contest for the Senatorship in New York ended by a vote for Mr. Depew of three more than a majority of the Republican members of the Legislature. By the usages of the party this is equivalent to a nomination. Had Mr. Depew received this number of votes in a caucus, he would have been the candidate. As the opponents of Mr. Conkling, however, declined a caucus at the beginning, the caucus will not now be recognized by his supporters. If the members who vote for him refuse to vote for any other person, an election by this Legislature, except by a coalition with the Democrats, is impossible; and Mr. Platt is asserted, without denial, to have said that either he and Mr. Conkling or else two Democrats must be elected.

The one thing which is plain is that the immense majority of the Republicans of New York and of the country are opposed to the re-election of Mr. Conkling and his colleague as men who have betrayed their trust. The most striking evidence of this feeling in New York is that in a Legislature which was especially friendly to them last winter, Mr. Conkling now receives but about thirty votes out of one hundred and six, and that although some members are known to be personally desirous to vote for him, they are deterred by their knowledge of the feeling of their constituencies and of the party in the State. Of course, if the interests of the party, and of the country through the party, were especially regarded by him, Mr. Conkling would yield to the unwavering declaration of the Republican party of New York that it rejects him.

He will, however, risk the election of a Democratic successor, and the complete transfer of the Senate to Democratic control, rather than permit another Republican to be elected in his place if he can possibly prevent it. His desertion of his post left the Senate in Democratic control, but he could restore it to the Republicans by withdrawing from the contest. That, however, he will not do, upon the plea that if the party has rejected him, it has not united upon any other person as a successor. As we write, this is true. But Mr. Conkling and the country know that the instant he—who can not be elected, and who merely makes a Democratic successor possible—should withdraw, a Republican successor would be elected. Should the Legislature adjourn without an election, the return of two Republican Senators would become exceedingly doubtful, because the small Republican majority in the State last year would probably disappear in the furious heat of the present division in the party. If, therefore, the United States Senate is to be Republican, the present Legislature must elect. That the Senate is now Democratic is due to Mr. Conkling, and he alone will be responsible should it become permanently so.

FRENCH POLITICS.

French politics have suddenly become interesting. M. Gambetta earnestly favors a change in the electoral law which would substitute the vote of a department for that of a district, and which would so far be a departure from the sound fundamental rule of a popular system known as local representation. It would remove the legislative power from small constituencies, and vest it in large ones; as if our members of Congress should be elected upon a general State ticket instead of a district ticket. This tendency to the government of a majority selected at large has been always one of the most dangerous tendencies of the French republic. It is the perilous *plebiscite* of Louis Napoleon—perilous because it enables the Government to put up candidates for the whole country or department, and so construct the most despotic of machines. M. Gambetta favors this system, and supports the department vote against the vote of the district because it is a step toward the rule of a simple majority without check or balance.

But the voting in the French Chambers shows that the sentiment of France as there represented is against him. Some time ago a majority of eight only in a vote of four hundred and seventy-eight in the Deputies passed the department bill. It was a very lean majority, and, before the Senate voted, M. Gambetta made a public progress to his native town, and was welcomed very warmly. But M. Jules Simon and M. Waddington opposed the scheme earnestly in the Senate, and by a majority of thirty-four the bill has been defeated in the Senate. Tried by his own principle of the gross majority, therefore, the bill has been rejected by the representatives of the people. But the question will be referred to the country, and M. Gambetta, from what his organ now says, will evidently interpret a favorable result at the polls as a verdict not only for the scheme, but against the Senate, and he will apparently propose a revision of the Senatorial powers. This would be revolutionary politics. A change of the Constitution to subordinate the Senate to the House of Deputies, simultaneously with the election of Deputies by departments upon tickets prepared by M. Gambetta, would make him practically dictator of France.

His scheme is not favorable to true representative government, and betrays the defect of all French republican thinking—a disregard of minorities. The French republican thinks only of a majority, however acquired, and has not yet learned that a Constitution is meant for the defense of minorities by plainly and firmly regulating the action of majorities. The father of American Democracy, as the disciples of Mr. Jefferson delight to call him, said, most truly: "All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression." True popular government will not be achieved for France by a mere appeal to the millions of French voters in a mass, but by securing a wise system of the local representation of French opinion. The Congressional nomination of President in this country was abandoned because it did not represent the choice of the country on either side. The overthrow of the unit rule, and the assertion of district representation at Chicago, were truly republican measures, because they promote peace and order by providing for a fair expression of all opinions; and because it thwarts such an expression, Gambetta's scheme is reactionary and unrepublican.

"THE IMMORTAL PARNELL."

No one can understand the situation in Ireland without knowing that "the immortal Parnell," as Archbishop Croke calls him, promotes the Land League agitation, not to secure better land laws, but to achieve the independence of Ireland. The Land League is merely the Parnell way of playing the old game. "The real reason," he says, "why the Irish do not succeed in Ireland is that a nation governed by another nation never does succeed. The curse of foreign rule overshadows everything." Improved land laws may alleviate the situation somewhat, but they are not a remedy; and Mr. Parnell's objections and obstructions to the Gladstone bill are logical. He opposes alleviation because it lessens the discontent upon which he rests his hopes and plans.

The evictions which are taking place are largely due, according to Mr. Forster, the Irish Secretary, to the orders of the Land League prohibiting the paying of rent. In some cases, doubtless, there is real inability to pay, but the apparent principle of the League is that landlords are oppressors because they are landlords, and that rent is robbery. Behind all this is the feeling that the landlords owe their claim to conquest and confiscation, and that they have no rights in the country whatever. They are foreigners holding practically by force, and any means of incommoding and finally expelling them is justifiable. Temporary anarchy, according to this view, is preferable to permanent subjugation. The more disturbed and hopeless the condition of Ireland, the more willing, it is assumed, England will be to relinquish her hold.

These are the politics of desperation. But no other theory explains the animosity of the Irish party toward their friends in England and their co-operation with enemies. Lord Beaconsfield's motto upon the Irish question was, No surrender and no compromise. This is the familiar Tory unreason. The Liberal policy has been inquiry and reasonable relief. That party has done all that has been done for the remedy of Irish complaints, and to introduce justice into the government of Ireland. But "the immortal Parnell" clasps hands with the ancient and unyielding foes of Ireland in order that the suffering of his country may become so intolerable as to precipitate separation. It is this position which exhausts the patience and the sympathy of the most reasonable Englishmen. But the Gladstone government holds steadily to its purpose of pacification by justice, and more patriotic and wiser Irishmen than Parnell heartily sustain it.

DEMOCRATIC BLUNDERS.

The Democrats have made two mistakes in the pending Senatorial contest in New York: one in virtually supporting Mr. Conkling's re-election, the other in nominating Mr. Jacobs as one of their candidates for the Senatorship. The reason for the friendly tone toward Mr. Conkling is evident enough. Mr. Conkling wishes to go back to Washington, as General Grant says, to fight the Administration. That is what the Democrats mean to do, *ex officio*, as an opposition, and they would be glad of Mr. Conkling's assistance. The success of the Republicans as against the Conkling faction would be the election of Senators friendly to the Administration—a result which would be obviously exceedingly distasteful to the Democrats. But in a larger view, to sustain Mr. Conkling is to approve his resignation, which, according to his statement, was due to the President's refusal to withdraw a nomination at Mr. Conkling and Co.'s dictation, and to the Senate's decision to confirm a nomination without the permission of Mr. Conkling. Now the Democratic party is on its good behavior. But to adopt this monstrous pretension of Mr. Conkling's is to alienate the entire independent vote of the country, to which it is looking for recruits.

So in regard to the Senatorial nomination. The rule for a party which is sure to be beaten at an election, and which has therefore no reason for compromise in the selection of candidates, is to nominate its most eminent men, whose character and ability may be cited to the party advantage as the qualities which the success of the party would bring into the public service. Under the circumstances of this contest, the nomination of Mr. Kernan was judicious, because Mr. Kernan's Senatorial career was creditable to the State and honorable to his party. But the significance of the selection was lost by associating with him Mr. Jacobs. Whatever the merits of Mr. Jacobs may be, he is known to the State only as a local politician, and to the country he is not known at all. The moral of his nomination is that if the Democratic party could select a Senator, it would select Mr. Jacobs. This, again, is not the way to prove to the country that it would be wise to intrust the government to the Democratic party; and especially when the gentleman thus designated for Senatorial distinction shows his estimate of the requirements of the office by voting for Mr. Bradley, who is no doubt also a highly meritorious gentleman, but he is unknown to the State. A better way might be that introduced by Tammany, namely, drawing names from a hat.

These are literally the straws that show the direction of the wind. With one exception, the Democrats, since their righteous downfall twenty years ago, have misused every great opportunity which was opened to them. The exception was the nomination of Mr. Tilden for the Governorship of New York. This uniform and unequalled blundering confirms the profound distrust of that party by the patriotic intelligence of the country as a party without principle or political ability. In the present angry Republican division in New York the Democrats had only to affect a virtue, and they would have seemed to have it. But they have once more lost an opportunity, and have chosen to rest their claims to public confidence and respect upon the assertion that if they could elect a United States Senator from New York, it would not be Mr. Seymour, or Mr. Tilden, or Mr. Hewitt, or Mr. Brooks, but Mr. Jacobs.

VIGOROUS VETOES.

Governor Cornell makes ample use of the authority to veto separate items in the Appropriation Bill, and, upon the whole, his exceeding care must be regarded as wise. His rigid scrutiny saves a great waste of the public money, and his resolution in objecting will doubtless temper the zeal of jobbers. In his veto message upon the Supply Bill the Governor saved a round hundred thousand dollars to the State, and his reasons will be generally approved. Indeed, no one who does not study the Supply Bill in detail suspects how many jobs of all kinds are thrust into it which only patient diligence upon the part of the Governor will discover.

Sometimes we should differ with the decision, as, for example, in the case last year of the veto of an appropriation for the purchase of a historical collection of relics peculiar to the State, which should have been retained in New York, but which, upon the refusal of the State to buy it at a not unreasonable price, was instantly bought, we believe, by Harvard University. Undoubtedly many worthless collections of many kinds are offered to the State, but it is always easy to learn from experts and scholars what is really valuable and proper for the State to possess. Among the vetoed items in this year's bill there is an allowance of $1800 for the payment of counsel in one of the canal cases, upon the retainer of the late Attorney-General Fairchild. It is objected to as extravagant and unreasonable. But is there not an item of even larger amount for the services of Mr. Conkling in a canal case, upon the retainer of the present Attorney-General Ward, which is not objected to? And is not such a discrimination liable to fall under condemnation as "a halcyon and vociferous proceeding," exposing the Governor to the risk of being "gibbeted at the cross-roads of public opinion"?

But while exception may be taken to certain details, we repeat that the scrupulous care of the Governor in this matter deserves cordial public approval. His other vetoes also have been obviously judicious. That of the bill prohibiting coloring matter in oleomargarine was not only just, but courageous. The most eminent chemists in the world have decided that oleomargarine is not deleterious. The sale of good oleomargarine, therefore, can not be prohibited as injurious to the public health, while nothing can be more hurtful than bad oleomargarine and bad butter. The harmless coloring matter is not forbidden to butter, and ought not to be prohibited to oleomargarine. Dr. Playfair is of opinion that oleomargarine can never drive out good butter from the market, but ought to expel bad butter; and certainly in the competition between two proper marketable commodities, it is the Governor's duty to hold the scales of justice even. The Governor's vigorous vetoes may cost him the favor of class interests, but they will gain him the confidence of the people at large.

THE CARLYLE DIFFICULTY.

A recent contribution to the Carlyle discussion is a paper in the *Nineteenth Century* by Sir Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, and for many years one of the famous literary Englishmen. He was a warm personal friend of Carlyle's, and he publishes, from a book privately printed some years ago, his estimate of Carlyle, besides recommending him to mercy in a kindly way even upon the showing of the *Reminiscences*. Sir Henry had great admiration for the genius and the remarkable colloquial power of Carlyle, but thirty-three years ago he wrote of him: "His conversation is as bright as ever, and as striking in its imaginative effects.... He can see nothing but the chaos of his own mind reflected in the universe." Sir Henry Taylor's analysis of Carlyle is as delicate and true as any that has appeared.

Another addition to the gossip is of a more painful kind. Mr. Froude had sent to Mrs. Aitken Carlyle, the niece, a check for $7500 as a royalty upon the *Reminiscences*. In acknowledging the receipt Mrs. Carlyle showed that she regarded the sum as her own by right, and not by the courtesy of Mr. Froude. His lawyer advised him that under that view he became liable to all the members of the family for all sums that might accrue from the sale of any of the works intrusted to him by Carlyle, and he therefore stopped the payment of the check.

Nothing could well be more disagreeable than Mr. Froude's position in relation to this literary legacy. It is inconceivable that, knowing the relations which had existed between Carlyle and his niece Mrs. Carlyle, who was in all things a daughter to him, Mr. Froude should not have consulted with her upon the publication of the book. The altercation which is going on is most painful in every aspect.

THE ART OF DINING.

A recent very pleasant article in the *Times* describes a "dinner with a critical old gentleman," who recounts to the writer a dinner incident with Thackeray, and the article is written with a lightness of touch worthy that eminent *gourmet*. The critical old gentleman used to see Thackeray dining at the *Café de Paris*, "as far back as 1849," with Véron, prince of epicures, and Baron Taylor. "What a look of benign satisfaction shone on his good round face when a delicate dish was presented to him!" *Bouillabaisse*, for example.

One day the old gentleman—then young—dressed a tomato salad. Thackeray, the wise, the benign, the appreciative, looked at it curiously from his table. The young American, with gustatory freemasonry, instantly wrote upon a card, "Will Mr. Thackeray permit a young American, not to introduce himself, but to offer to his approval an aboriginal salad?" The great and good man accepted it, tasted it, and sent the giver his wine. It was one of those gracious reminiscences of travel which make life seem to be worth living, and the critical old gentleman told it as he dined with the writer in the *Times*. As he ended the narration he was evidently about to speak of the dinner of which he had just partaken, ordered with extreme caution by the younger man, who had seen with apprehension the old gentleman remove with a saddened air all the dressing from the salad.

With tender, regretful care of his host's susceptibilities, the critical old gentleman proceeded to impart to him his feeling that the American, although undoubtedly master of the world, boils his asparagus too much, and also that, sinning through excess of zeal, he does not stay his hand in dressing a salad. "Dear sir," he reasoned, plaintively, "why should we be overwhelmed with that cataract of condiments which the complicated casters of to-day contribute?......People of simple tastes do not like to have on all occasions their eyes filled with tears due to mustard and red pepper." It is a paper which Thackeray would have enjoyed, and which teaches the great lesson that it is one of the attributes of man which distinguishes him from the brute, that he considers and prepares and wisely enjoys his food.

PERSONAL.

The Farmers' Club of Pennsylvania, an organization composed of twelve of the most conspicuous agriculturists of that commonwealth, assisted, on the 9th of June, at the "house-warming" of Mr. George W. Childs's new and spacious farm-house at Wootton, near Philadelphia. The dinner was one of those plain, substantial meals that Mr. and Mrs. Childs are noted for giving. On the table were flower plats, candelabra, wine-coolers of gold and silver, and glass ornaments of great beauty. In the course of the entertainment twenty-two plates of different kinds of decorated porcelain were placed before each guest, no two alike. Eight glasses to a guest were filled at different times with various vintages. Terrapin was served in a little fluted nest, like Charlotte-Russe. Oranges were scooped out, and filled with cream, and then the piece restored, and the whole arrangement frozen. Several vegetables were served together in an artistic arrangement of colors, with browned potatoes as a base, embroidered with tomatoes, and a sea-foam arrangement of spinach on top. There was a waiter for each guest. As might be supposed, there was all the vivacity of spirit and grace of conversation that usually marks the intercourse of men who are earnest tillers of the soil—such men as farmer Simon Cameron; farmer Senator Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; farmer Speaker Samuel J. Randall; farmer John Welsh, late a diplomatist; farmer Wayne MacVeagh; farmer Senator J. Donald Cameron; farmer Lippincott, the publisher; farmer KcKean, who sows so many useful seeds in the *Ledger*—and several railway and bank presidents, and other celebrities, who are never so happy as when they flee away from money-grubbing to meet and talk of the beautiful bean, the consolatory corn, the pleasant pea, the toothsome tomato, the opulent onion, the priceless potato, and discuss the value of newly invented agricultural apparatus, the prospects as to "craps," the glucose iniquity, or the objectionable grasshopper. And then it is pleasant to see these horny-handed delvers of the ground when they come to dinner. They are always jejune, and manducate vigorously, and they enjoy that which is poculent without becoming crapulent.

—Father La Rocca, General of the Dominican Order throughout the world, arrived in New York a few days ago, on a tour to the Dominican priories at Somerset, Ohio (the oldest in the United States), Memphis, Tennessee, Newark, New Jersey, Springfield and Louisville, Kentucky, and San Francisco. The Dominican is an order of preachers, founded by St. Dominic in 1215 in Toulouse. It is quite liberal in its government, the superior of every convent having discretionary power to dispense from the common rules where the objects to be gained by preaching may be better subserved. The officers of the order, from highest to lowest, are elected for terms of from three to six years. This arrangement is favorable to manly independence and freedom of action, and has greatly contributed to the preservation of the order, which has given to the world such men as Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Savonarola, Las Casas, Vincent Ferrer, Lacordaire, and Father Tom Burke.

—The father of Mrs. Brassey, Mr. Allnutt, died recently in England, leaving a large fortune, $700,000 of which is to be devoted to charitable purposes, and his widow and daughter are to direct as to its expenditure. Mr. Brassey is a man conspicuously opulent, who has made a voyage around the world in his own steam-yacht, *Sunbeam*.

—The mild way in which Carlyle sometimes addressed people was exemplified in his remark to an acquaintance who had been combating some of his opinions. On taking leave of him at the door, Carlyle said: "Good-night, sir. And let me tell you that you have capabilities for becoming one of the greatest bores in England."

—It is told of Dr. Loring, who on the 1st of July enters on his duties as Commissioner of Agriculture, that he and his brother were gaunt boys. Their father, a clergyman, is said to have sent them one day to a cattle show with some very fat hogs for exhibition. The boys were rather proud of the many compliments paid to the hogs, until a farmer remarked to an acquaintance, "Mighty nice hogs those of Parson Loring's; but why don't he give his boys more to eat, and his hogs less?"

—The salaries of the Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the French Republic are estimated as follows for the current year in the budget of Foreign Affairs: Ambassadors—St. Petersburg, $50,000; London, $40,000; Vienna, $34,000; Berlin, $28,000; Constantinople, $26,000; Madrid, $24,000; Rome (Quirinal), $22,000; Rome (the Vatican), $22,000; and Berne, $12,000. Ministers Plenipotentiary—Pekin, $17,000; Yeddo, Washington, and Rio de Janeiro, $16,000; Buenos Ayres, $14,000; Athens, Brussels, the Hague, Lisbon, and Teheran, $12,000; Bucharest, Copenhagen, Lima, Munich, Santiago (Chili), and Stockholm, $10,000; Belgrade, $7000; Tangiers, $6400; Port-au-Prince, $6000; and Cettinje, $4400.

—Francis Eppes, the last of the grandsons of Thomas Jefferson, died May 30, in Florida, at the age of eighty-one. His father married Maria Jefferson, the President's youngest daughter, and he was also related to the President through Mrs. Jefferson, whose half-sister was the "dear Polly" who figured so conspicuously in Jefferson's published correspondence.

—The will of the late E. J. M. Hale, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, bequeaths $100,000 to the Public Library; the estate on Kent Street and $50,000 to the City Hospital; $5000 to the Old Ladies' Home Association; $20,000 to the American Bible Society; $1000 a year to the Episcopal church at South Groveland, and $10,000 more on the final closing up of the estate; and $200 a year to the South Groveland Library.

—Painting is a good trade in London. At a recent public sale of paintings at Christie & Manson's, extraordinary prices were paid. Two of Sir Edwin Landseer's works brought 5000 guineas each; a third, 6300 guineas; a fourth, 2950 guineas. Mr. Millais's celebrated "Princes in the Tower" brought 3800 guineas. The whole catalogue of 125 pictures brought nearly $230,000—not a bad afternoon's work.

—Lady Hill, widow of the late Sir Rowland Hill, died recently in London, aged eighty-five. She and her husband were playfellows from a very early age, and her earnest and intelligent co-operation and assistance were of the utmost value to her husband in his struggle to effect the postal reforms which have made his name famous.

—Emerson frequently makes a concise statement which at once begins to circulate throughout the country. His latest is about religion, which he says has become "pew-holding."

—At a recent court levee held in London the most noticeable incident was old Admiral Sartorius, aged ninety-two, going past with his two sons on their appointment to the Victoria Cross. There is only one other man in England who can boast a like honor, Colonel Hugh Gough, who has also two sons possessing each a V. C.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes says that "a free public library is as necessary to a town as a nest is to a pair of birds. Scholars are sure to be hatched in it sooner or later. There, too, you will see a good many old birds nestling, whether they breed and sing or not."

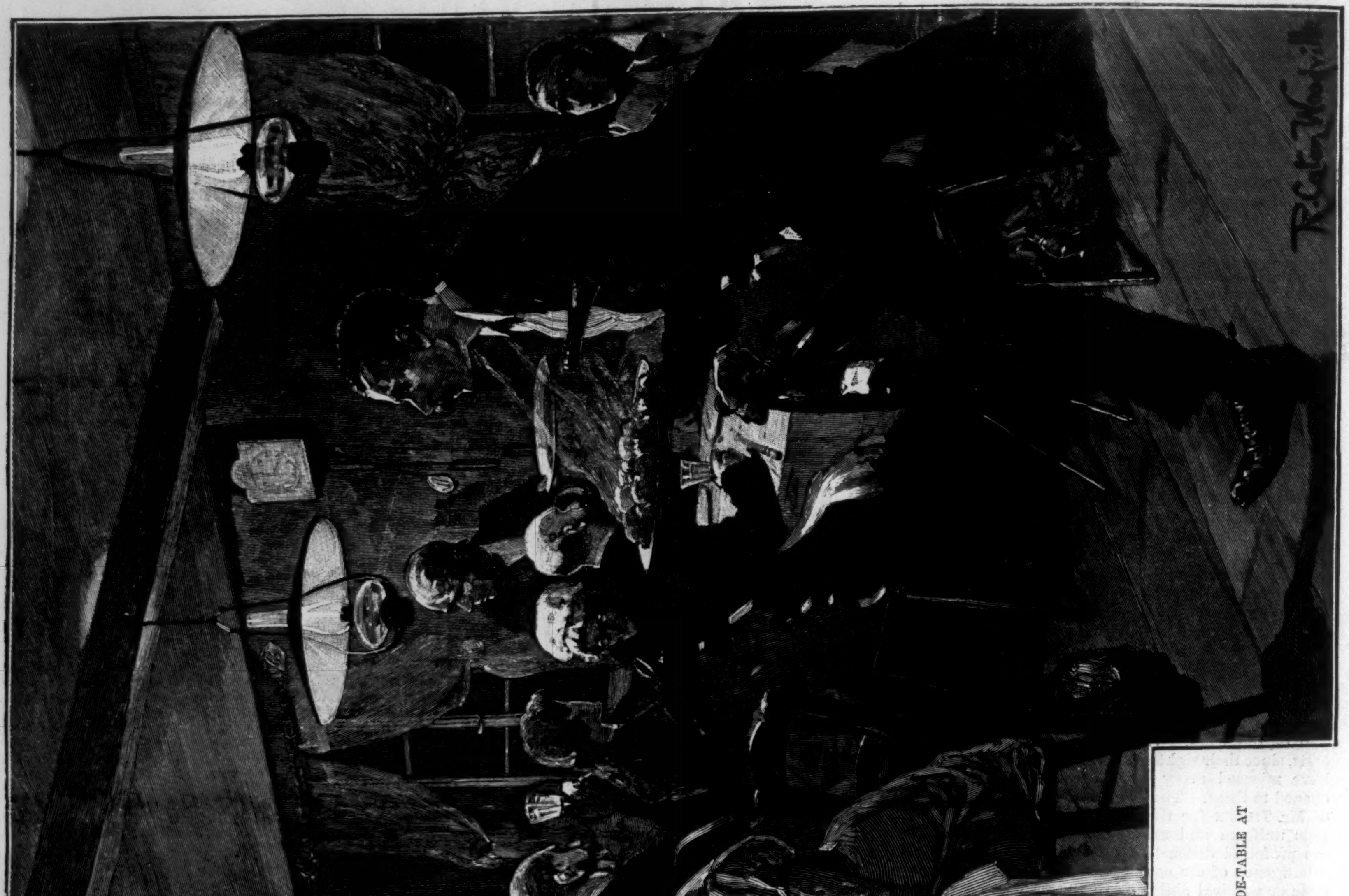
—The will of the late William A. Parker, of Boston, provides that upon the termination of life-estates there shall be paid to the Home for Aged Men $3000, to the Franklin Typographical Society $5000, and to the Warren Street Chapel $3000.

—Prince Torlonia, of Rome, is practical in his charities. He employs two doctors especially to attend poor families who have a horror of hospitals; he entirely provides for 300 children, and educates 350 more; and he has established an asylum for old people, and a hospital for the blind. Every day he gives 120 dishes of soup, with bread and meat, to the poor. It is said that no one has ever applied to him in vain for help.

—Miss Emma Thursby, after having made a highly successful tour in the principal cities of Germany, Austria, and the Rhine, sang on the evening of May 29, in the opera-house at Madrid, before the King and Queen and a brilliant court audience. Miss Thursby and Mr. Maurice Strakosch, her manager, had an audience with the King and Queen at the palace on the same day.

—Mr. J. B. Carll's important work on the Calculus of Variations will soon be published by John Wiley & Sons, of this city. Mr. Carll, as our readers will remember, has been blind from his birth, and his work is regarded as a marvellous instance of the power of mind over physical disabilities.

—Dean Stanley is proverbially kind to the younger clergy, and frequently asks them to preach in Westminster Abbey; nor is he particular as to their notions of churchmanship. Among the recent preachers were H. E. J. Bevan, R. H. Hadden, C. W. Stubbs, and S. D. Headlam. The last-named is well known as a clerical patron of theatres and music halls, and a great power among the London Secularists; Mr. Stubbs is a friend of Joseph Arch, and an earnest exponent of the cause of the agricultural laborers; Mr. Hadden is an active advocate for charity reform, and a writer and lecturer upon friendly societies; and Mr. Bevan is great at Sunday-school organization.



IN THE SPEISESAAL AT SPLÜGEN.

"THEY ENTERED QUITE UNNOTICED, AND FOUND THEMSELVES RELEGATED TO A SMALL SIDE-TABLE AT THE UPPER END OF THE ROOM."

[SEE SERIAL, "BEAUTIFUL WRETCH," No. 1278, PAGE 411.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1277.]

The Beautiful Wretch: A Brighton Story.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

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CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

SNOW AND MIST AND SUNLIGHT.

"HE tells the story himself," she continued. "It is the sound of the Alphorn that has brought this sorrow to him, he says. He was in the trenches at night, and he heard the sound of the Alphorn far away, and nothing would do but that he must try to escape, and reach his father-land by swimming the river. Then he is taken, and brought before the officers, and condemned to be shot, and he only asks his brother soldiers to fire straight— But I am not going to spoil it."

She put her hand up furtively for a second to her eyes; and then she said, cheerfully,

"I have had enough walking: suppose we wait for the carriage?"

"I think I ought to apologize to you, Miss Anne," said he. "You prefer walking by yourself—I ought not to have come and bothered you."

"It is of no consequence," said Nan, looking back for the carriage, "so long as you haven't wet your feet."

They got into the carriage and continued on their way; and very soon it became apparent, from the flashes of sunlight and gleams of blue, that they had worked their way up through the cloud layers. In process of time, indeed, they got clear of the mists altogether, and emerged on to the higher valleys of the Alps—vast, sterile, the white snow plains glittering in the sun, except where the rocks showed through in points of intense black. There were no longer any pines. They were in a world of snow and barren rocks and brilliant sunlight, with a cold, luminous blue sky overhead, themselves the only living creatures visible, their voices sounding strangely distinct in the silence.

When they were quite at the summit of the pass, a smurr, as they say in Scotland, came over; but it did not last. By the time they had got the drags on the wheels, the vast gorge before them—descending and winding until it disappeared in a wall of mountains of the deepest blue—was again filled with sunlight; and now they began to be a little bit sheltered from the wind as the horses trotted and splashed through the wet snow, carrying them away down into Italy.

They lunched at Campo Dolcino, still some thousands of feet above the level of the sea. Then on again, swinging away at a rapid pace down into a mighty valley; rattling through galleries cut in the solid rock; then out again into the grateful sunlight; taking the sharp curves of the road at the same break-neck speed; with always below them—and so far below them that it was silent—a rushing river sweeping down between fair pastures and dots of villages. As the evening fell, this clatter of hoofs and wheels came to a sudden end; for they were entering the town of Chiavenna, and there you must go at walking pace through the narrow little thoroughfares. It was strange for them to come down from the snow-world into this ordinary little town, and to find in the hotel not only all sorts of products of a high civilization, but even people who were speaking the familiar English tongue.

There was a telegram addressed "Lieutenant F. H. King, R.N.," in the case in the bureau. When Frank King had got it out and read it, he was silent for a second or two.

"I hope there is no bad news?" said Miss Beresford, in a kindly way. She was not a very sympathetic person, but Frank King had brightened up their tour during these last two days, and she was in a measure grateful to him.

"No," he said, absently. "Oh no, not bad news. The telegram is from the officer I left in charge of the *Fly-by-Night*. I rather think that I shall be setting out for home again in a couple of days."

"Oh, I am sorry for that," she said, quite naturally.

"You go on again to-morrow, Miss Beresford?"

"We were proposing to do so."

"And where do you think of going to when you get to Lake Como?"

"Bellagio, most probably."

"Oh, well, I will go with you as far as Bellagio, if I may," he said, somewhat thoughtfully.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SERENATA.

NEXT morning also he was preoccupied and anxious, insomuch that even Nan noticed it, and good-naturedly hoped he had had no bad news. He started somewhat.

"No, oh no," he said. "Only the telegram I got last night makes it necessary for me to start for home to-morrow."

"Then, at least," said Nan, cheerfully, "you will see Lake Como before you go."

Her eldest sister smiled in her superior way.

"Nan's head is full of romance," she said. "She expects to see the Como of the print-shops: don't you, Nan? Blue water and golden boats and pink hills, and Claude Melnotte's castle lifting its—whatever was it?—to eternal summer. I am afraid the quotation is not quite correct."

And the truth was that, despite this warning, Nan did seem somewhat disappointed when, after hours of rattling and splashing along a muddy road, they came upon a stretch of dirty, chalky-green water that in a manner mirrored the gray and barren crags above it.

"That isn't Como!" cried Nan. "It can't be."

"Oh, but it is," Miss Beresford said, laughing. "At least it's the upper end of it."

But Nan would not believe it; and when at last they reached Colico, and fought their way through the crowd of swarthy good-for-nothings who strove to attach themselves to every scrap of luggage, and when they had got on board the steamer and secured commanding positions on the upper deck, then Nan declared that they were about to see the real Lake of Como. It was observed that the young sailor glanced once or twice rather anxiously at the sky and the seething clouds.

Well, they sailed away down through this stretch of pallid green water, that was here and there ruffled with wind, and here and there smooth enough to reflect the silver-gray sky; and they called at successive little villages; and they began to be anxious about a certain banking up of purple clouds in the southwest. They forgot about the eternal summer, and got out their water-proofs. They were glad to find themselves drawing near to Bellagio, and its big hotels, and villas, and terraced gardens. The wind had risen; the driven green water was here and there hissing white; and just as they were landing, a pink flash of lightning darted across that dense wall of purple cloud, and there was a long and reverberating rattle of thunder.

"It seems to me we have just got in in time," said Frank King, in the hall of the hotel.

The storm increased in fury. The girls could scarcely dress for dinner through being attracted to the window by the witches' cantrips outside. The thunder-blackness in the southwest had deepened; the wind was whirling by great masses of vapor, the water was springing high along the terraces, and the trees in the terraced gardens were blown this way and that, even though their branches were heavy with rain. Then it was that Edith Beresford said:

"Nan, you ought to persuade Lieutenant King to stay over another day. He hasn't seen Como. This isn't Como."

"I?" said Nan, sharply. "What have I to do with it? He can go or stay as he pleases."

"Besides," continued Edith, "in consequence of this *tempo cattivo*—"

"I suppose that means weather that rains cats and dogs," said Nan, whose anger was of the briefest duration.

"—the grand *Serenata* is put off till to-morrow night. Now he ought to stay and see the illuminations of the boats."

"The illuminations!" said Nan. "I should think he had something else to think of."

Nevertheless, when, at dinner, Miss Edith was good enough to put these considerations before Lieutenant King, he seemed very anxious to assent; and he at once called for a time-table; and eventually made out that by taking the night train somewhere or other, he could remain at Bellagio over the next day. And he was rewarded, so far as the weather went. The morning was quite Como-like—fair and blue and calm; the sun shining on the far wooded hills and on the sparkling little villages at their foot; the green lake still running high, with here and there a white tip breaking; a blaze of sunlight on the gardens below—on the green acacia branches and the masses of scarlet salvia—and on the white hot terraces where the lizards lay basking.

It was a long, idle, delicious day; and somehow he contrived to be near Nan most of the time. He was always anxious to know what she thought about this or about that; he directed her attention to various things; he sometimes talked to her about his ship, and about what sailors thought of when they were far from home and friends. They went out on the lake—these four: the hot sun had stilled the water somewhat. Reclining in the cushioned stern of the boat, in the shelter of the awning, they could hear the bells on shore faint and distant. Or they walked in that long allée leading from one end of the gardens, the double line of short chestnuts offering cool and pleasant shadow, the water lapping along the stone parapet beside them, and between each two of the stems a framed picture, as it were, of the lake and the velvet-soft slopes beyond. It was all very pretty, they said. It was a trifle commonplace, perhaps; there were a good many hotels and little excursion steamers about; and perhaps here and there a suggestion of the toy-shop. But it was pretty. Indeed, toward sunset it was very nearly becoming something more. Then the colors in the skies deepened; in the shadows below, the villages were lost altogether; and the mountains, growing more and more sombre under the rich gold above, began to be almost fine. One half-forgot the cockneyism and familiarity of the place, and for a moment had a glimpse of the true loneliness and solemnity of the hills.

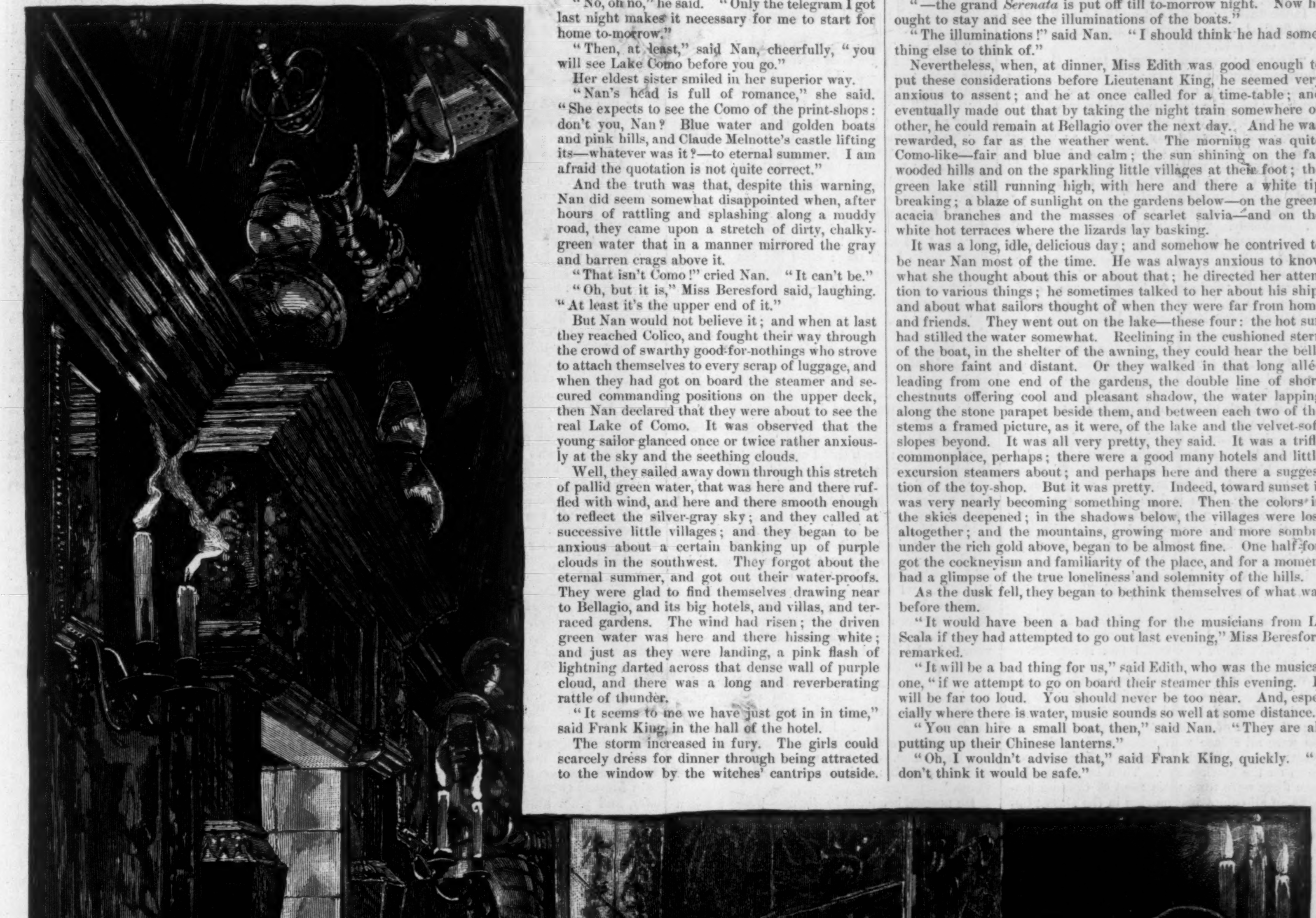
As the dusk fell, they began to bethink themselves of what was before them.

"It would have been a bad thing for the musicians from La Scala if they had attempted to go out last evening," Miss Beresford remarked.

"It will be a bad thing for us," said Edith, who was the musical one, "if we attempt to go on board their steamer this evening. It will be far too loud. You should never be too near. And, especially where there is water, music sounds so well at some distance."

"You can hire a small boat, then," said Nan. "They are all putting up their Chinese lanterns."

"Oh, I wouldn't advise that," said Frank King, quickly. "I don't think it would be safe."



"AND THREW HERSELF ON HER KNEES."

"A sailor afraid of boats!" said Miss Edith, with a laugh.

"Oh, as for that," said Nan, warmly, "every one knows that it's those who are most ignorant of boats who are most reckless in them. It's very easy to be brave if you're stupidly ignorant. I know papa used to say it was always the most experienced sportsman who took most care about unloading his gun on going into a house. Why, if you're walking along the Pier, and see some young fools standing up in a boat and rocking it until the gunwale touches the water, you may be sure they're haberdashers down from the Borough for a day, who have never been in a boat before."

In the dusk they could not see that Frank King's face flushed with pleasure at this warm defense; but he only said, quietly:

"You see, there will be ten or twelve steamers churning about in the dark; and if some careless boatman were to make a mistake, or lose his head, you might be under the paddles in a second. I think you should either get on board or stay ashore; and I should say you were as well off here as anywhere. You will see the procession on the lake very well; and even if they should halt over there at Cadenabbia for the music, we could hear it here excellently."

"It is very good advice, Edith," said Miss Beresford, seriously. "I don't at all like small boats. And there goes the first dinner-bell: so let's make haste."

At dinner Frank King did not say much; he seemed to be thinking of his departure on the morrow. Once, however, when they happened to be talking about Brighton, he looked across the table to Nan, and said,

"Oh, by-the-way, what was the name of the woman you told me about—whom you met on the downs?"

"Singing Sal," answered Nan, with composure.

"I shall ask about her when I get to Portsmouth," he said.

"She is seldom in the big towns; she prefers tramping by herself along the country roads."

"Is this another of Nan's *protégées?*" asked Miss Beresford. "She knows the most extraordinary people. She is like the children when they are sent down to the beach when the tide is low: they are always most delighted with the monsters and hideous things they can pick up."

"You must have seen Singing Sal," said Nan, quietly. "And she is neither monstrous nor hideous. She is very well dressed, and she sings with a great deal of feeling."

"Perhaps she will come and have afternoon tea with us?" said Edith, with a sarcastic air.

"I don't think she would find it interesting enough," Nan answered, calmly.

When, after dinner, they went out on to the balcony above the garden, they found that the wonders of the night had already begun. Far on the other side of the lake the houses of Cadenabbia were all ablaze with millions of small gold points, the yellow glow from which glimmered down on the black water. Then in the garden here there were rows upon rows of Chinese lanterns, of all colors, just moving in the almost imperceptible breeze; while along the shore the villas had their frontage walls decorated with brilliant lines of illuminated cups, each a crimson, or white, or emerald star. Moreover, at the steps of the terrace below, there was a great bustle of boats; and each boat had its pink paper lantern glowing like a huge fire-fly in the darkness; and there was a confusion of chaffering and calling, with brightly dressed figures descending by the light of torches, and disappearing into the unknown. Then these boats began to move away, with their glow-worm lanterns swaying in the black night. The hotel seemed almost deserted. There was silence along the shores.

By-and-by, at a great distance, they beheld a wonderful thing come slowly into view—far away in the open space of darkness that they knew to be the lake. It was at first only a glow of crimson; but as it came nearer, this glow separated into points, each point a ruby-colored shaft of fire, and they saw that this must be a steamer illuminated by red lamps. And then another steamer, and another, came sailing up, with different colors gleaming; until one, far higher than the others—a great mass of glittering gold—appeared in the midst of them, and round this all the fleet of small boats, that were, of course, only distinguishable by their party-colored lanterns, seemed to gather.

"That is the steamer that has the musicians, clearly," said Frank King.

"Yes; but I don't hear any music," answered Edith, in a voice that seemed rather ominous.

They sat and waited. The last of the guests had got into the small boats and gone away; they were left alone in front of the big hotel. The moon was rising behind the hills in the south, and already the surface of the lake was beginning to declare itself—a dull blue-black.

"I can not hear the least sound: is it possible they can be playing?" said Edith, disappointedly.

It was a beautiful spectacle, at all events, even if there were no sound accompanying it. For now the moon had risen clear, and there was a pale soft light all along the northern hills, and just enough radiance lying over the bosom of the lake to show the darkness of the hulls of the distant steamers. And then, as they watched, some order seemed to grow out of that confusion of colored lights; the high golden mass drew away, and then the others followed, until the long undulating line seemed like some splendid meteor in the night. There was no sound. Cadenabbia, with all its yellow fire, was as clearly deserted as this Bellagio here, with all its paper lanterns and colored cups. The procession had slowly departed. The *Serenata* was taking place somewhere else. The gardens of this hotel were silent but for the occasional voices of Frank King and his companions.

Well, they laughed away their disappointment, and chatted pleasantly, and enjoyed the beautiful night, until Miss Beresford thought it was time for them to go in-doors.

"But where's Nan?" she said. "That girl is never to be found."

"I think I can find her," said Frank King, rising hastily. He had been regarding for some time back that long allée between the chestnuts, and a dark figure there that was slowly pacing up and down, occasionally crossing the patches of moonlight. When he had got about half way along, he found Nan leaning with her elbows on the parapet, and looking out on the moon-lit lake.

"Oh, Miss Anne," he said, "your sister wants you to come in-doors."

"All right," she said, cheerfully, raising herself and preparing to go.

"But I want to say a word to you," he said, hurriedly. "I have been trying for an opportunity these two days. I hope you won't think it strange, or premature, or impertinent—"

"Oh no," said Nan, with a sudden fear of she knew not what; "but let us go in-doors."

"No, here, now," he pleaded. "Only one moment. I know we are young. Perhaps I should not ask you to pledge yourself, but all I ask for is to be allowed to hope. Surely you understand. Nan, will you be my wife—some day?"

He would have taken her hand; but she withdrew quickly, and said, with a sort of gasp:

"Oh, I am so sorry! I had no idea. It must be my fault, I am sure; but I did not know—I was not thinking of such a thing for a moment—"

"But you will give me leave to hope?" he said. "I mean some day—not now."

"Oh, no, no," she said, with an earnestness that was almost piteous. "If I have made a mistake before, this must be clear now. Oh, don't think of such a thing. It never could be—never, never. I am very sorry if I have pained you. But—but you don't know anything about me; and you will soon forget, for we are both far too young—at least I am—to think of such things; and—and I am very, very sorry."

"But do you mean that I am never to think of it again, even as a hope?" he said, slowly.

"Oh, I do mean that—I do! If there has been a mistake, let it be clear now. Can I not be you friend?"

She held out her hand. After a second or so of hesitation, he took it.

"I know more of you than you suspect," he said, slowly, and with a touch of hopelessness in his voice. "I could see what you were the first half-hour I had spoken to you. And I know you know your own mind, and that you are sincere. Well, I had hoped for something else; but even your friendship will be valuable to me—when I have had a little time to forget."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" said Nan, a little incoherently. "I know you will be wise. You have your profession to think of: that is of far more importance. I know you will be wise—and generous too, and forgive me if the fault has been mine. Now we will not speak of any such thing again; let it be as if it had never been. Come."

He pressed her hand in silence—it was a token of good-by. These two did not see each other again for more than three years.

CHAPTER X.

JINNY.

One night toward the end of that interval a strange scene occurred in the old manor-house of Kingscourt, Wiltshire. From an early part of the evening it was apparent that something unusual was about to take place: the sleepy old mansion was all astir; a big fire blazed in the fire-place of the hall; and even the long corridor, which was in effect a picture-gallery, and ordinarily looked rather grim with its oak panelling and dusky portraits and trophies of arms, had been so brilliantly lit up that it seemed almost cheerful.

There was no cheerfulness, however, on the face of the lord of the manor himself; and there was nothing but a keen and anxious sympathy in the regard of his friend the vicar, who had come to keep him company. The former, Stephen Holford King, was a hale old man of over seventy, with a smoothly shaven face grown red with exposure to the weather, silvery short-cropped hair, and fine, impressive features. His old college friend, the Rev. Mr. Lynnton, was a smaller man, and somewhat younger, though his pale face had a sad expression, as though he had come through much trouble. He also was clean shaven, which added character to his clear-cut features. His chest was narrow, and he stooped a little.

"It is kind of you to come early, vicar," said the taller man, who seemed much agitated, in spite of his outwardly firm demeanor. "It will be a terrible ordeal for my poor wife. I wish the evening were over."

"You must face it like a man, friend King," said the other. "You have acted rightly, great as the pain must be to yourself. It is the young man's last chance; and surely he accepts it, or he would not be coming at all. And—she—also."

"If only he hadn't married her!—if only he hadn't married her! She might have ruined him in pocket, as she has ruined others before; but—to come in here—"

He glanced at the portraits along the walls; he seemed scarcely to know what he was saying.

"You might preach a sermon from what I am suffering now, vicar. Oh, I deserve it. My pride has been taken down at last. But the punishment is hard."

"Pardon me, friend King; but you exaggerate, surely. Surely a certain measure of family pride is justifiable; it ought to nerve a man to be worthy of those who have gone before him. Nor have I ever thought that your feeling about your name being a heritage that you had to guard jealously and piously was otherwise than just."

"Five centuries, vicar—for five centuries the Kings of Kingscourt, whether knights or commoners, have been gentlemen—gentlemen every man of them: and this is the end!"

"But even now, old friend, you must not look at the blackest side of things. Alfred may requite you yet by his conduct for the tremendous sacrifice you and Mrs. King are making. He has committed a social crime; but surely that is better than living in sin."

"Vicar, I know you have tried to look only at the cheerful side of things—as far as your cloth will permit; and I trust in God that something may yet come of it. But if not—if this last appeal to him produces nothing more than the others—then there is a final alternative that may help me to save Kingscourt and the family name."

"What is that?" his friend said, eagerly.

"I will not speak of it now. We must hope for the best."

At this moment there was heard the rumbling of carriage wheels outside, and the old man started.

"Come, let us go into the hall," he said, quickly. And then he added, in a lower and agitated voice, "Vicar, do you think my poor wife will—will have to kiss this woman? That is what she dreads. That is what terrifies her."

The pale-faced clergyman seemed embarrassed, and said, hastily:

"There will be some confusion, no doubt. Come, friend King, pull yourself together. You are welcoming home your son and his newly married wife, remember."

The great bell rang; the servants swarmed into the hall; the door was opened; and outside in the darkness the carriage lamps were visible, shining down on the broad steps. At the same moment a lady came along from the corridor—a tall, elderly woman, with a pale, sweet face, quite white hair done up in old-fashioned little curls, and with eyes of a sad, benign expression. She seemed to be very pleased and cheerful: it was only the vicar, who shook hands with her, who knew that her whole frame was trembling.

"So you have come to welcome home the bride, Mr. Lynnton," she said, in a clear voice, so that every one could hear. "Alfred will be pleased to see you again after his long absence. They say that being so much abroad has greatly improved him."

"It could not well improve his appearance, Mrs. King; he was always a handsome lad," said the vicar, his eyes still turned toward the door.

This was, indeed, a strikingly handsome man who now came up the steps, taller and more massive than his brother Frank, lighter also in hair and eyes. At this first glance one scarcely noticed that his face was somewhat flushed, and that the light blue eyes had a sort of uncertain nervous throb in them.

"My wife, mother."

The vicar stared with astonishment. This pretty, bright-faced little thing did not look more than eighteen or nineteen, though in fact she was five-and-twenty; and in her tight-fitting Ulster, and plain gray hat, and quiet yellow-gray gloves, she looked the very embodiment of girlish grace and neatness and decorum.

The white-haired woman took this new visitor by both hands.

"I am glad you have come, my dear," said she, without any quaver of the voice; and she kissed her first on one cheek, and then on the other. "But you must be tired with your long journey. Come, I will show you your dressing-room; they have taken some tea up for you."

"And to-night we dine at seven, my dear," said the father of the house, addressing her at the same time, "for we thought you might be hungry after your journey. So don't take too much time in dressing, my dear: we are plain folks. We will see all your finery another night. Higgins, have Mrs. Alfred's boxes taken up at once."

Mrs. Alfred meanwhile stood looking a little puzzled, a little amused, but not at all shy. She seemed to consider it rather a good joke.

"Go on, Jinny," her husband said to her, lazily. "I sha'n't dress."

"That is an old privilege of Alfred's, my dear," said Mrs. King, leading the new-comer away. "His father, now, hasn't missed dressing for dinner one evening since we were married—except the night the Vicarage took fire. But I suppose young men are not so ceremonious now. Here is your room, my dear. Catherine is bringing some hot water, and she will open your boxes for you."

And the old lady herself went and stirred up the fire, and drew the low easy-chair nearer to the little table where the tea-things were, and continued talking in the kindliest way to her new guest until the maid arrived. Mrs. Alfred had said nothing at all; but she seemed contented—and amused.

At seven o'clock every one had assembled in the drawing-room except Mrs. Alfred. The vicar's wife had arrived; she was a stout, anxious-eyed little woman, who was obviously alarmed, and talked much to assure those around her that she was quite at ease. Mr. Alfred himself was lazy, good-natured, indifferent—he had drank two or three glasses of sherry meanwhile to pass the time.

Punctually at seven Mrs. Alfred appeared. She looked more prim and nice and neat than ever in this black silk dress with old lace on the open square in front and on the cuffs of the tight sleeves.

"Mrs. Lynnton—my daughter Jinny," said the old white-haired lady, introducing the new-comer to the vicar's wife.

Dinner was announced, and the big folding-doors thrown open.

"My dear," said Mr. King to his wife, "I must take in Mrs. Alfred. It is a welcome home, you know. Alfred, you take in Mrs. Lynnton. Come along, child."

And he gave her his arm with great ceremony, and led her into the long, old-fashioned dining-room, which was a blaze of candles, and gave her the seat at his right hand, and immediately called for a fire-screen lest the fire should be too much.

"Or will you sit the other side, my dear?" said he.

"Oh no, sir," she said, very prettily, out of compliment to his age—"oh no, sir; I am best pleased to sit where you wish me to sit."

For by this time the amused look had gone out of her face, and she seemed to have grown sensible of the great kindness these people were trying to show her.

Dinner went on; and the conversation rested mainly between Mr. Alfred, who was asking questions about the people in the neighborhood, and the vicar, who answered him. But when anything amusing was said, it was addressed to Mrs. Alfred, or else they looked to see whether she was pleased; and she received a great deal of attention from the old gentleman next her, and had many kind things said to her by his wife. But Mrs. Alfred's face grew more and more strange. She seemed depressed and troubled—timid at the same time and self-conscious; once or twice her lips were tremulous. And then all at once she rose, and quickly went to where Mrs. King sat, and threw herself on her knees, and clasped the old lady's knees, and burst into a wild fit of sobbing and crying. The old lady turned very pale, and put her hand on the younger woman's head gently. The servants pretended to see nothing. Mr. Alfred flushed angrily, and said:

"Jinny, don't make a fool of yourself. Go back to your seat."

Then the elder woman raised her, with a tenderness and compassion not altogether assumed, and led her back, saying:

"You are tired, my dear. I thought you looked tired, my dear. We will let you go soon to bed to-night."

Then everybody talked at once; and the little incident seemed easily forgotten. Moreover, as the evening progressed, old Stephen King convinced himself that he had done what was best for the by-gone Kings of Kingscourt and any Kings of Kingscourt there might be. He would pay off his son's debts once more. These two would be content to remain for years in the country, till by-gones should be by-gones elsewhere; and even in the country the neighbors might pretend to a convenient ignorance. The vicar would help him.

The vicar and his wife left about ten; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred retired early; the various agitations that had shaken the old silver-haired dame gave place to a quiescence that was in a measure hopeful. Then sleep overtook the old manor-house, and the silence of the night.

About midnight there was a loud crash in the dining-room. Certain of the servants slept on the ground-floor for safety's sake; and the first one—indeed, the only one—to be thoroughly aroused by this sudden noise was the butler, a young man who had inherited the position from his father. He jumped up, hastily donned some clothes, and carried a light along to the room, wisely thinking that if it was only a picture that had fallen, he need not alarm the whole household. At the same time he went cautiously, for he did not wish to be seized by the throat unawares.

He found the dining-room door open, and something in the dark inside lying prone on the floor. He pushed forward his candle, and to his horror found it was Mrs. Alfred, who was slowly raising herself by both hands.

"Oh, ma'am, what has happened?" he cried.

"Be quiet. Where's the brandy?" she said, angrily; and then she put her hand to the side of her forehead. "I've struck my head against something."

This young man was a miracle of discretion, but he was startled. She did not talk incoherently, and yet she could not rise.

"Is it Mr. Alfred, ma'am? Shall I take him some brandy? I hope he isn't ill, ma'am?" he said, in a breath.

"Mr. Alfred, you fool! He's been dead drunk in bed for more than an hour. Where's the brandy? Why don't you leave the spirit stand out, you miserly thief?"

Then he saw how matters stood; and though he was frightened a little, he was prudent. He went and got some brandy and water in a tumbler; he coaxed her to go up stairs; he assisted her up; and then having put her quietly into her room, he returned down stairs, and locked the dining-room door, putting the key in his pocket.

This incident the young butler kept discreetly to himself; he was not going to imperil his situation by telling such a story about his future master and mistress. All the same, the old father and mother began to grow very uneasy. Mrs. Alfred was too unwell to appear next day, nor would she see any one. She wanted brandy, however, to keep her system up. The following day the same legend was repeated. On the evening of that day Alfred King sought out his father in the study, and said he wanted to speak to him.

"Look here, father, it's no use. I'll tell the truth. I came down here to humbug you, and get some more money out of you. But what's the good? If Jinny had the wealth of the Rothschilds, she'd run through it in a fortnight; and then her first trick would be to cut me. Oh, I know her; she's not a bad sort; but she's been brought up to be what she is; and she doesn't mean anything shabby, anything more than a cat thinks itself cruel when it plays with a mouse. Well, no matter."

He rang the bell, ordered some brandy and soda, and continued:

"Now I've got some pride in the old place too, father: I don't want to see Jinny send Kingscourt spinning the moment you die. Well, this is what I propose. I'm no good. I'm played out. I've had my turn. Well, now, if you'll clear off my debts this time, and start me free with £5000—giving it in trust to somebody, so that I can have my £200 or £250 a year—then I'll consent to quash the entail; you bring home Frank, and give him Kingscourt. That's better than being a sailor, and he'll look after the old place."

The old man regarded him calmly, but also with a strange, wistful, sad look.

"I had thought of it. But is there no other way, Alfred?"

"No. I'm broke. I'm done. If you want to save Kingscourt, that's the only way."

"And you?"

"I've had my turn; I can't complain. Sooner or later Jinny'll bolt. Then I'll go to the States and try my hand at something."

"Do you know they've just made Frank commander?"

"He'll be glad to leave the navy, all the same. Fellows can't marry while they're in the navy."

"What are your debts now, Alfred?"

Here the brandy and soda was brought in, which gave him time to think.

"I don't know exactly. Two brutes have got hold of me. I should fancy they could all be choked off with £8000—say £9000."

"£14,000—it will be a heavy charge on the estate."

"But I shall be off it. What's more, father, if Frank comes home, and gets married, and plays the good boy, and all that kind of thing, don't let him get it into his head that I am jealous of him, or that I think he has supplanted me. Frank is a fine chap. Tell him it was my proposal; and I hope he'll be a better son to you than I have been. Well, is it a bargain, father?"

The old man thought for some time, and at length said,

"Yes."

"Well, then, there's another thing. Jinny's stumbled against something, and got a black eye. Let's get her out of the house without the servants seeing her—this evening, after dusk. And I'll meet you any day you like at Shaen & Maskell's."

This, then, was how it came about that Commander Francis Holford King, R.N., was summoned home from the West Indies, where he had been with his ship, the *Hellespont*. He was grave for his years; and he was more manly in figure somehow, and certainly browner of face, than when we last saw him at Bellagio, on Lake Como; but as he sailed past the Eddystone Light and entered the smooth waters of Plymouth Sound, there was something within him that told him his heart had not quite forgot all its old memories.

CHAPTER XI.

TRANSFORMATION.

CAPTAIN FRANK was everything and did everything that his parents could have hoped for—except in one direction: he would have nothing said about marriage. He came home without a murmur; he never uttered a word of regret about his giving up a profession that he had fair hopes of advancement in; he adopted his new set of duties with cheerfulness, and entered with zest into the festivities of the season. For the leaf was beginning to fall, and all the people about were preparing to shoot the covers; so that parties had to be made up, and invitations issued, and there soon came to be a general stir throughout the country-side. Captain Frank, though he was not much of a shot, took his share in all these things; but he held aloof from womankind, and would not have his marriage even spoken of by his most intimate relatives.

What was the man made of, that he could resist a scene like this? Imagine an open glade in a beautiful Wiltshire wood, on the morning after a slight fall of snow. The skies are blue, and the world is full of clear sunlight; the hollies are intensely green over the white of the snow; here and there on the bare branches are a few red leaves. Also on the snow itself there is a stain of brownish-red in some places, where the light air of the morning has shaken down withered needles from a tall pine-tree. Then there is a distant, sharp flutter; the noise increases; suddenly a beautiful thing—a meteor of bronze and crimson—comes whirring along at a tremendous pace; Captain Frank blazes away with one barrel, and misses; before he knows where he is, the pheasant seems a couple of miles off in the silver and blue of the sky, and he does not care to send the second barrel on a roving commission. He puts his gun over his shoulder, and returns to his pensive contemplation of the glittering green hollies, and the white snow, and the maze of bare branches going up into the blue.

But a new figure appears in the midst of this English-looking scene. A very pretty young lady comes along smiling, her pink cheeks looking all the pinker and her blue eyes all the bluer because of the white snow, and also the white fur round her neck. This is pretty Mary Coventry, who is staying at present at Kingscourt. She has the brightest of smiles, and the whitest of teeth.

"Cousin Frank," she says, "where do you gentlemen lunch to-day?"

"Look here," he answers, "you've come right up the line between the guns and the beaters."

"Oh, that's all right," she says, gayly. "I know your father doesn't allow shooting at ground game into cover."

"Lunch is to be up at the Hill Farm."

"Oh, that's the very thing! I want a long walk. And I will help Higgins to have everything ready for you."

"It will be very rough and tumble. You had much better go back home to lunch."

"But I have come for the very purpose! I have brought sugar and cinnamon to mull the claret for you. You will find it scalding hot when you come."

A hare ran by, some dozen yards off: he did not fire.

"I see I am in your way. Good-by for the present."

"Good-by. If you do mean to go up to the Hill Farm, you had better keep to the road. Or else," he added, laughing, "Mr. Ferrers will have something to say to you."

"Well," said pretty Mary Coventry to herself, as she passed on and into the road, "he did not even thank me for all my trouble. And I always thought sailors were supposed to be nice. But perhaps he is lamenting some blackamoor sweetheart in Patagonia, and won't take any notice of anybody."

It was about a week after this that Captain Frank, having run up to town, met a young gentleman in Piccadilly whom he seemed to recognize. He looked again—yes, it could be no other than Tom Beresford. But it was Tom Beresford transformed. Mr. Tom was now of age; he had his club, which he much frequented; he had assumed the air and manner of a man about town. That is to say, although he was clever enough, and had a sufficient touch of humor, he cultivated a languid stare, and was chary of speech; and although he was a well-built young fellow, he walked with his elbows out and his knees in as if the tightness of his trousers and his boots made it nigh impossible for him to walk at all. Moreover, his dress was more rigidly correct than ever; and of course he carried the inevitable cane—inevitable as the walking-stick of the Athenian.

Frank King went up to him eagerly.

"Hallo, Beresford, how are you?"

"How are you?" was the answer, as a slight boyish blush somewhat interfered with the dignity of Mr. Tom. "How are you? I heard you were at home again. I heard of you through the Strathernes."

"And I heard of you in the same way," said Captain King, who seemed greatly pleased to meet an old friend. "I'll turn and walk with you. I've nothing particular to do."

"Will you come and lunch with me?" said Mr. Tom (he had recovered himself after the inadvertent blush). "We can walk along to the club."

"Yes, I will," said Frank King, heartily. "Which is your club?"

"The Waterloo. They call it that because it isn't in Waterloo Place. It's in Regent Street."

"All right," said the other. But instantly he began to pursue his inquiries. "Yes, I heard of you and your family from the Strathernes. There have been great changes since I left England. Your eldest sister is married, is she not?"

"You mean Moll; yes. They live in town—a small house back there in Mayfair. He used to be a richer man," observed Mr. Tom, contemplatively, "before he took silk."

"But they are going to make him a judge, I hear."

"Faith, then, I hope he'll never have to try me," said Mr. Tom, with an air of conviction. "He and I never could hit it off. I hate pompous people, and people who give themselves airs. Now I took a liking to you the first five minutes I saw you."

Captain King was dutifully grateful for this condescension. He said he also hated pompous people—he couldn't bear them. And then he asked about Tom's sister Edith.

"She's engaged to be married, isn't she?"

"It's my belief," said Mr. Tom, with a smile, "that she has engaged herself to both of them, just to make sure, and that she can't make up her mind which to send off. I don't wonder at her pulling a wry mouth about having to marry a soda-water manufacturer; but Soda-water isn't half a bad sort of fellow, and he is fearfully rich. You see, he is particularly beaming just now; for there have been two or three blazing hot summers running, and the demand must have been tremendous. Then young Thynne he's no end of a swell, no doubt; but you may be cousin to all kinds of earls and dukes without their giving you anything. I should fancy his father lets him have two or three hundred a year. I should like to see the Sentimental get along with that! You can't live on a fellow's ancestry. I think she should take Soda-water, even if he hasn't got anything like a father to speak of. And even if he hasn't got a father—this was what Nan said—he might be equally '*sans père et sans reproche.*'"

"It was your sister Anne said that, was it?" remarked Frank King, quickly.

"That was in her saucy days," said Mr. Tom, sadly. "It's quite different now. Now she's on the pious lay."

"The what?" said Frank King. It was clear that, however Mr. Tom had altered, he had not chosen to improve his manner of speech.

"Oh, High-Church, and reredoses," said the irreverent youth. "Silver embroideries, don't you know, and visiting the poor, and catching all sorts of confounded infection. And then I suppose she'll end by marrying that curate that's always about the house. What a shame it is! She used to be such a brick. And to go and marry a curate!"

"I heard of that too," said Captain Frank, with a bit of a sigh. It was, indeed, among the first things he had heard after returning to England.

By this time they had reached Mr. Tom's club, which was pleasantly situated at a corner of the great thoroughfare, so that it had from its coffee-room windows a spacious view, and was altogether a light and cheerful sort of place.

"But you don't ask about the Baby," said Mr. Tom, as he was entering his friend's name in the Strangers' Book—the Waterloo being a hospitable little club that allowed visitors to come in at any hour. "And the Baby *is* in a hole."

"Well, it must be a sad thing for a baby to be in a hole; but I don't quite understand," said Captain King.

"Don't you remember the Baby? The youngest? Madge?"

"Oh! Well, I only saw her once, I think. What is the matter with her?"

"First pick out what you want for lunch, and then I'll tell you."

This was easily done; and the two friends sat down at a small window table, which enabled them to glance out at the passing crowd, and even as far as the Duke of York's column, and the tops of the trees in St. James's Park.

"You see, my sisters have all been wards in Chancery. I was also," said Mr. Tom, with a slight blush; for he was no more than six months escaped from tutelage. "I suppose the executors funked something about my father's will; at all events, they flung the whole thing in. Well, no great harm has come of it; not so much cost or worry as you would expect. Only the girls have had bad times of it about their sweethearts. I mean the Baby—"

"The Baby! How old is she?"

"Eighteen; and uncommonly good-looking, I think. Have some sherry. Well, the Baby made the acquaintance at somebody's house of a young fellow—son of a barrister—not a farthing but what he picks up at pool. I don't think she meant anything—I don't a bit. There's a lot of that kind of nonsense goes on down there; Nan is the only one who has kept clear out of it. Well, the guardians didn't see it; and they went to the court; and they got the Vice-Chancellor to issue an order forbidding young Hanbury from having any sort of communication with Madge. Now, you know, if you play any games, with an order of that sort hanging over you, it's the very devil. It is. Won't you have some pickles?"

"And how is Miss Madge affected by the order?" asked Captain King.

"Oh," said this garrulous youth, who had entirely forgotten his cultivated, reticent manner in meeting this old friend, "she pretends to be greatly hurt, and thinks it cruel and heart-breaking, and all the rest of it; but that's only her fun, don't you know; she's precious glad to get out of it, that's my belief; and nobody knew better than herself he wouldn't do at all. Finished? Come and have a game of billiards, then."

They went up stairs to a long, low-roofed apartment, in which were two tables. They lit cigars, chose their cues, and fell to work. Frank King had not played half a dozen strokes when Mr. Tom said, generously,

"I will put you on thirty points."

They played five minutes longer.

"Look here, I will give you another thirty."

"Sixty in a hundred?" said King, laughing. "Well, that is rather a confession of bad play."

"Oh, as for that," said Mr. Tom, "I don't see that a naval officer should be ashamed of playing badly at billiards. He should be proud of it. I sha'n't glory in it if I beat you."

Mr. Tom was really very friendly. After a couple of games or so he said:

"Look here, it's nearly four o'clock. I am going down to Brighton by the 4.30. Will you come down and see my mother and the girls? I am afraid we can't put you up; but you can get a bedroom at the Norfolk or Prince's; and we dine at eight."

Frank King hesitated for a minute or two. Ever since he had come to England he had had a strange wish to see Nan Beresford, even though he had heard she was going to be married. He wished to see whether she had turned out to be what he had predicted to himself; whether she retained those peculiar distinctions of character and expression and manner that had so attracted him; somehow he thought he would like just to shake hands with her for a moment and see once before him those clear, blue-gray, shy, humorous eyes. But this proposal was too sudden. His heart jumped with a quick dismay. He was not prepared.

Nevertheless, Tom Beresford insisted. Was Captain King staying at a hotel? No; he had got a bedroom in Cleveland Row. That was the very thing; they could stop the hansom there on their way to Victoria Station. The girls would be glad to see him. They had always been watching his whereabouts abroad in the Admiralty appointments in the newspapers.

At last, with some little unexpressed dread, Frank King consented; and together they made their way to Victoria Station.

"You know," said Mr. Tom, apologetically, in the Pullman, "I've been talking a lot about my sisters; but I tell you honestly I don't see any girls to beat them anywhere. I don't. The Sentimental is rather stupid, perhaps; but then she scores by her music. Nan's the one for my money, though. She isn't the prettiest; but put her down to any dinner table, and you can lay odds on her against the field. I believe there are a dozen old gentlemen who have got her name in their will—not that she cares for worldly things any more—it's all sanctity now. I wish to goodness somebody would—"

But Mr. Tom had a little discretion. He said no more.

"I suppose they are all very much changed in appearance," Frank King said, thoughtfully. "I shouldn't be surprised if I scarcely recognized them."

"Oh yes, they are. And I will confess that Nan has improved in one way. She isn't as cheeky as she used to be; she's awfully good-natured—she'd do anything for you. When I get into trouble, I know Nan will be my sheet-anchor."

"Then I hope the cable will hold," said Frank King.

They reached Brighton. Tom Beresford found his companion strangely silent and preoccupied. The fact was that Captain Frank was very unusually agitated. He hoped she might not be alone. Then he strove to convince himself that she must be quite altered now. She must be quite different from the young girl who walked up the Splügen Pass with him. Then she was scarcely over seventeen; now she was over twenty. He would see some one he might fail to recognize; not the Nan of former days; not the Nan that had long ago enchained him with her frank, odd ways, and her true eyes.

They drove first to a hotel, and secured a bed; then they went to Brunswick Terrace. When they went up stairs to the drawing-room, they found it empty.

"They can't be all out," said Mr. Tom; "I'll go and find them."

He left, and Captain Frank began to try to quiet down this uncalled-for perturbation. Why should he fear to see her? The past was over. Never was any decision given more irrevocably; even if there had been any question as to an open future, that had been disposed of by the news that had met him on his return to England. It ought only to be a pleasure to him to see her. He thought she would welcome him in a kind way; and he would show her that he quite accepted circumstances as they were. Only—and this he kept repeating to himself—he must expect to be disillusionized. Nan would no longer be that former Nan. Some of the freshness and the young wonder would be gone; she would be eligible as a friend; that, on the whole, was better.

Well, the door opened, and he turned quickly, and then his heart jumped. No, she had not changed at all, he said to himself, as she advanced toward him with a smile, and a frankly extended hand. The same pleasant eyes, the same graceful, lithe figure, the same soft voice, as she said,

"Oh, how do you do, Captain King?"

And yet he was bewildered. There was something strange.

"I—I am very glad to see you again, Miss Anne," he stammered.

She looked at him for a moment, puzzled; and then she said, with a quiet smile:

"Oh, but I'm not Nan. I see you have forgotten me. I'm Madge."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC.

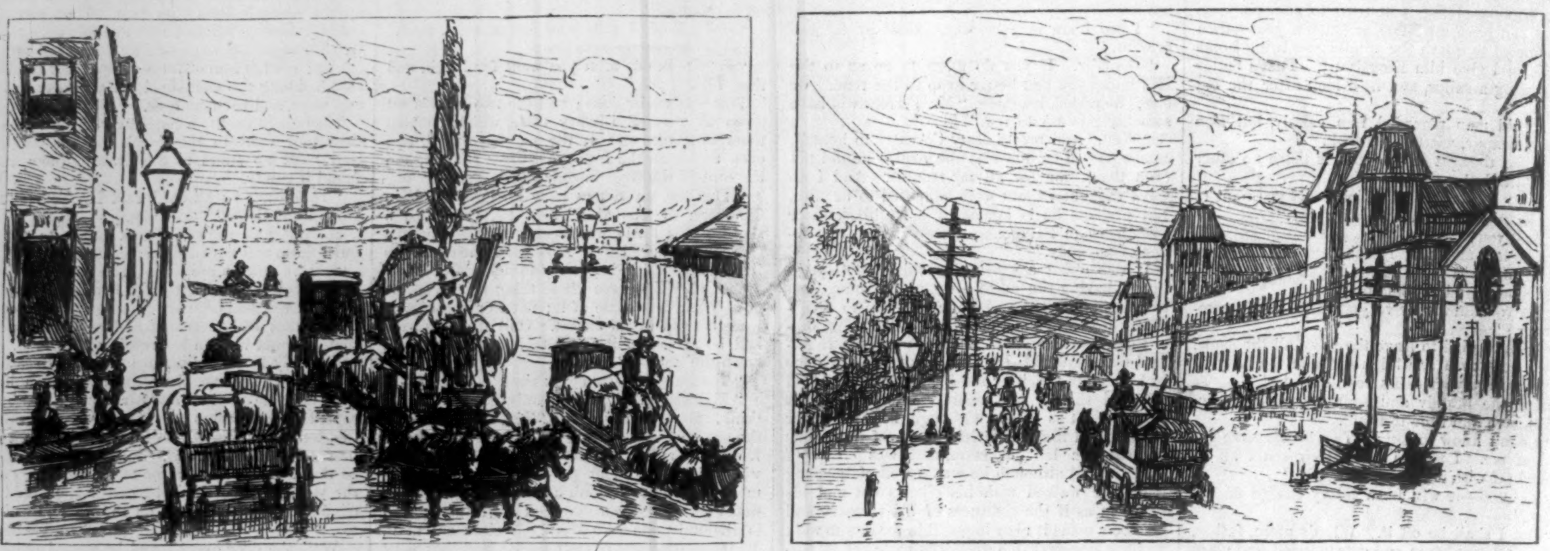
WE give on page 429 several illustrations of the great fire which recently laid a considerable portion of Quebec in ruins. The details of the calamity are so fresh that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. Suffice to say that 642 houses were burned, and 1211 families, consisting of 6028 men, women, and children, were made homeless.

The long strip of ruins shown in our illustrations presents a general view of the burned district, taken from the St. John Street Dépôt, near the toll-gate, where the fire was stayed. One of the smaller cuts shows the ruins of St. John's Church and those of the Friars' School.

THE PITTSBURGH FLOOD.

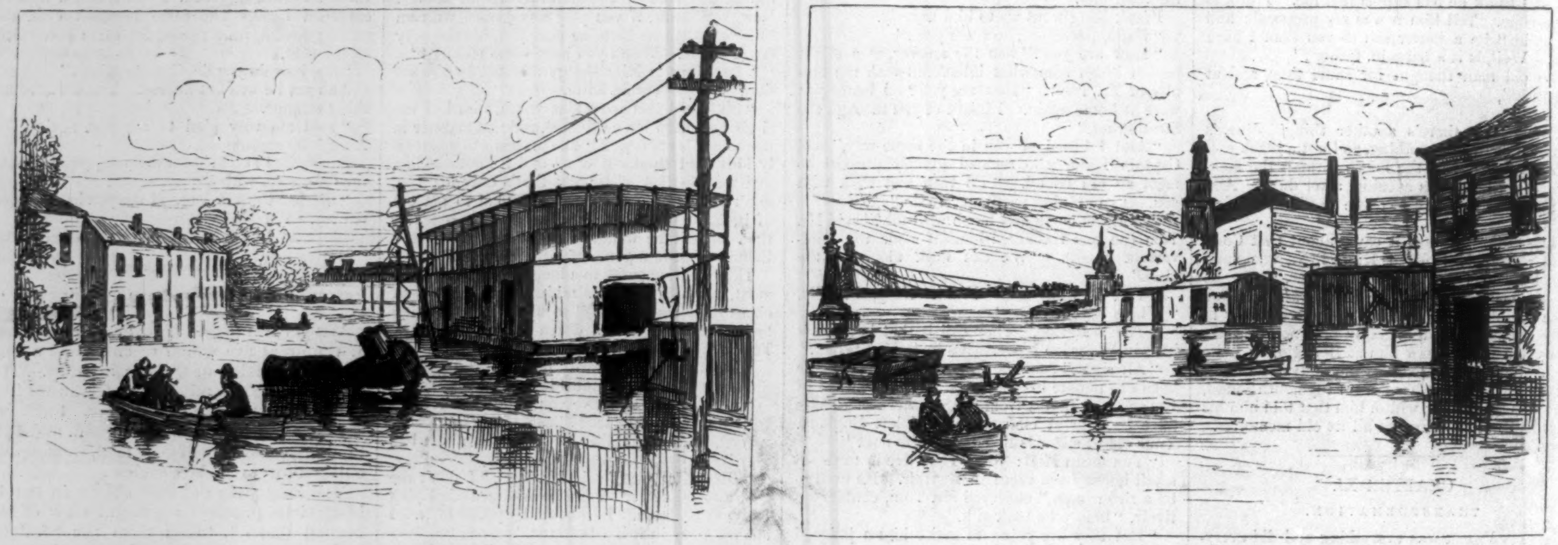
THE heavy rains of the week ending June 10 in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, swelled the rivers enormously, and led to floods the like of which have not been seen for many years. An old resident declares that the inundation is equal in many respects to the terrible flood of 1845. The swell from the head-waters of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers—particularly the latter—began to show its effects early on the morning of the 10th, and by night-fall the rush of water was terrific. The lower districts of Pittsburgh and Alleghany were submerged, causing great destruction of property, and almost total suspension of travel on the railroads leading from the city. The loss of the river men, lumber dealers, and others is estimated at a million of dollars. Several fatalities are reported, and there were many narrow escapes from drowning. The greatest excitement prevailed at night along the shore of both rivers, and thousands of people lined the banks until near daylight.

Our artist's views given on page 428 show some of the scenes and incidents of the flood. River Avenue, in Alleghany City, from one end to the other, was true to its name for once. Every house on the street was flooded, and the inmates were compelled to take refuge in the upper stories. The only mode of transfer along the avenues was by skiffs. The Pittsburgh and Western Railroad lay ten or twelve feet under the boats that floated down the river. All the dwelling-houses in the rear of the Exposition Building, up to Rebecca Street, were surrounded by water. Rafts and other river craft floated into the Exposition yards, and up on to the streets in the rear of the Main Building. Communication with the Union Bridge was entirely cut off by a rushing torrent forty feet wide. The dépôt of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad at Anderson Street was under water up to the second floor, and the platforms floated away. A train of freight-cars in the vicinity of the bridge was half submerged, and had to be anchored to the shore with cables and chains. All the bridges were lined with spectators, and men in boats and wagons were everywhere busy in removing their household goods and picking up drift material.



STREET SCENE IN LOWER ALLEGHANY CITY.

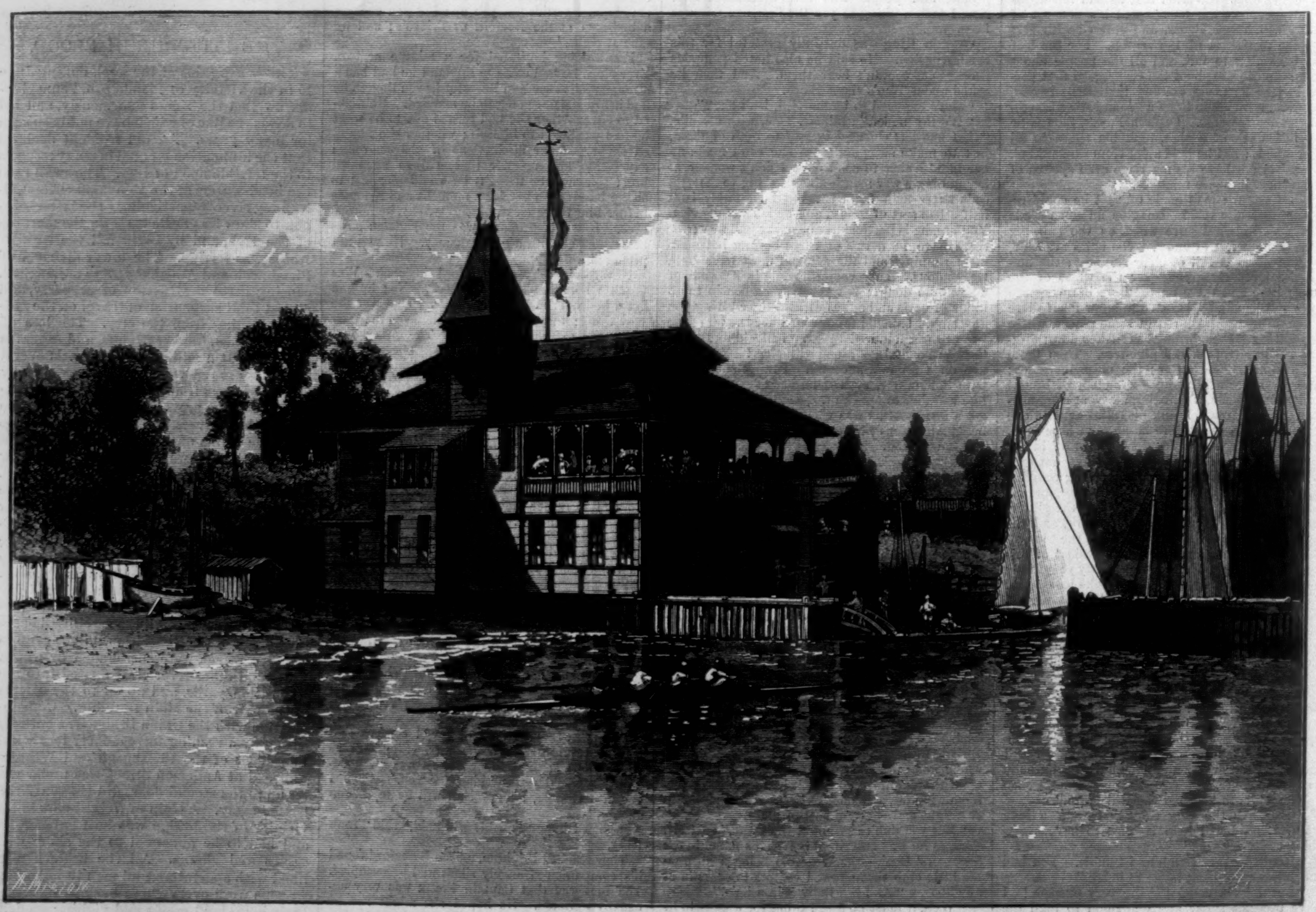
IN THE VICINITY OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.



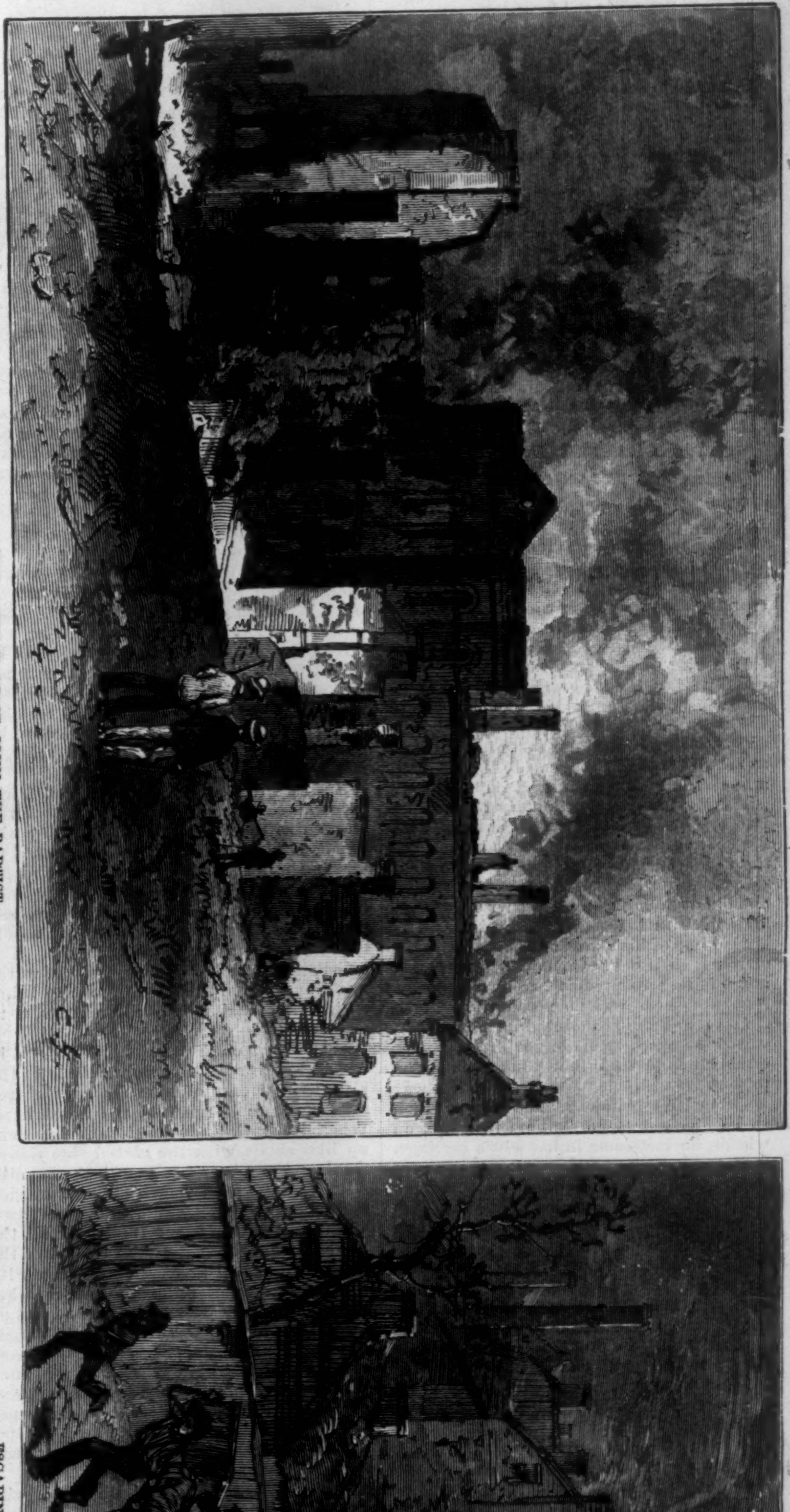
RIVER AVENUE, TEN FEET UNDER WATER.

NEAR THE PITTSBURGH AND WESTERN RAILROAD DEPÔT.

THE PITTSBURGH FLOOD.—From Sketches by John Alexander.—[See Page 427.]

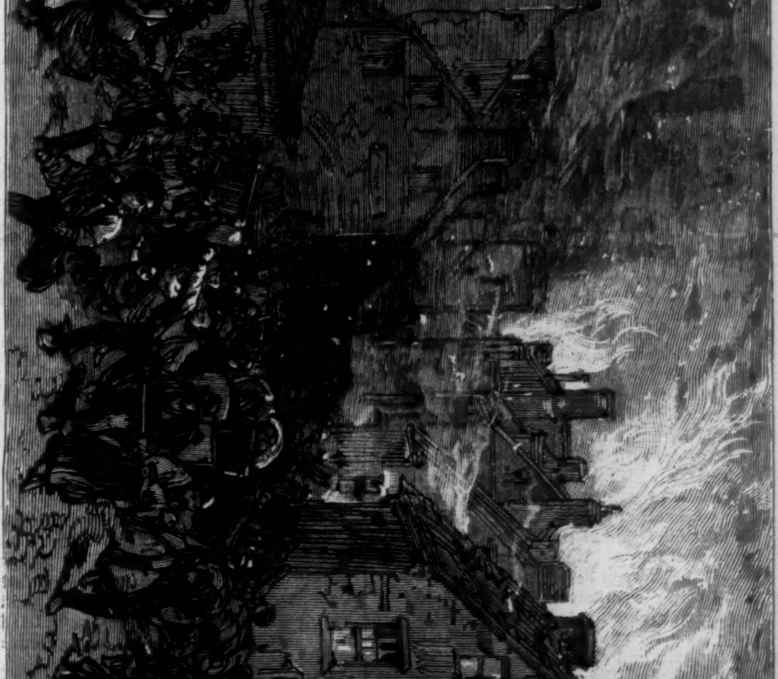


THE ALCYONE BOAT-HOUSE, BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND.—Designed by Mr. Mercein Thomas.—[See Page 434.]

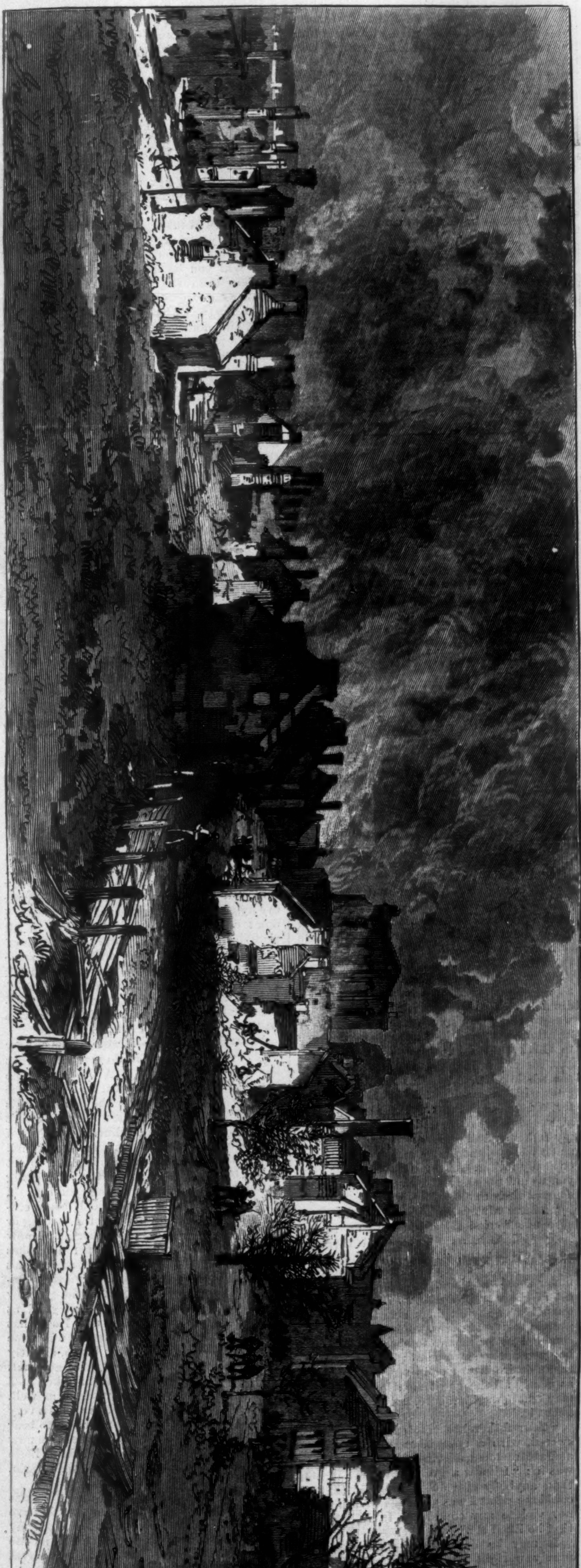


THE FRIARS' SCHOOL.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.



ESCAPING FROM THE FLAMES—A WILD RUSH THROUGH THE STREETS.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BURNED DISTRICT, FROM THE ST. JOHN STREET RAILWAY STATION.

THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC.—From Photographs by Livernois.—[See Page 427.]

INTROSPICE.

SOFT velvet eyes, dark-set in fringing grove
 Of silken lashes, like still forest lakes
 Where through enlacing vines the moonlight breaks
In trembling silver from the sky above,
Where to the careless gaze no eddies move,
 No rippling breeze disturbing current makes,
 On shadowy calm which no reflection takes
From feverish gleams of fear or scorn or love,
 But, to the soul which holds the sacred key,
Rich in the earnest of all precious things,
 Stirred with the thrill of sweetest sympathy,
 Where as through sunset clouds *one soul* may see
Visions of flowers and stars and seraph wings
 In vistas far of bright infinity. C.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EGYPTIAN NIGHT.

Now all these people—and there must have been a hundred of the polished material, and as many of the rough, according to the division now in vogue—had thoroughly enjoyed a very pleasant day, and could scarcely expect, as reasonable beings, to enjoy the night as well. Without slaying any black sheep to the honor of the wind, or a white one to propitiate the moon, or even paying heed to weather-glass, they had ventured, at a risky time of year, into the stronghold of bad weather; and they did not even bless their stars for the luck so far vouchsafed to them. So they wanted a lesson, and they got it most impressively.

Having made an exemplary mistake of late, and paid for it with his chronometer, Parson Short (although boldly prophetic to the Colonel) had refused to do more than shake his head when the ladies consulted him about their clothes. The wisest of man loses faith in his wisdom when it has cost him a lump of his tithes, and suspects a vein of irony, as the Pythia might have done, after failing to predict her own robbery. But now there was no possibility of mistake to any one acquainted with the manner of the moor. "Have you brought your close carriage, as I told you?" asked the parson.

Colonel Westcombe replied that as much as he disliked to be shut up in a box on wheels, he had come in his wife's carriage, both to please her, and to help any women who might be in trouble of the rain. "There are lots of great people here," said the parson, smiling wickedly, "without so much as Tim Pugsley's poke to protect their sumptuous raiment. Not one of them will bear the idea of being soaked, although they all have courted it. The Touchwoods have two closed carriages here; the hired things (such as Rose and Spotty came in) are as open as a net; a tarred net is their similitude. With half an hour's rain, they drip black drops that never come out, though you wash and wring forever. Little Rose deserves a better fate than that. How lovely she looks in her silver gray! She has not the least sense of the rain impending, and rain and ruin are the same word to her frock. She will cry, for she never had such a frock before; and she won't care twopence for its value, perhaps, but for the disaster to her father's kindness. Your carriage will be besieged by mighty ladies; but they can afford to get tarred every day. Make Rose go with you, and put her in first, and dare her to come out, and put your terrier on her cloak, or else they will turn her out, or sit upon her lap; those ladies are such tremendous crushers."

"Short, I have known you for twenty years," said his old friend, looking with surprise at him, "but you are full of unknown corners still. See to it all yourself. I can not perceive any ground for rushing into action before completing my dinner. One reason why we generally got off pretty well was that we seldom went into action with empty bellies, as our brave foes very often had to do. What we had was tough, but we got through it, and were fit for tough work afterward. Ah, there will never be such days again. Our muscles stood up like stubs of wire, and our teeth would go through hearts of oak. How well I remember an old Spanish cock, when I had the honor of dining— But perhaps I have mentioned that to you before."

"Scarcely less than fifty times. The tale has an improving tendency, and I wish there were time for another edition. This lamb is excellent, and eke the lobsters. Take a bone with you, like an old campaigner, and get your horses in as soon as may be. In a few minutes there will be helter-skelter. Here comes the swirl of air that outruns the storm. I will bring Rosie to the road across the bridge."

"Now don't you get in front of Jack," called out the Colonel, as the parson made off, with the wind behind him; "Jack must learn to do the proper business for the ladies. You have had your time, and let it go by. Leave Rose to Jack; she is too young for you. You may do the best you can with Julia. Don't hurry me. I won't be hurried. What are these petty drizzles after the mountain storms I have had to meet with for weeks together? True it is that I was younger then—" he added, as his hat flew away into the river; "but never mind, I can always tie my head up. The rising generation is a wonder; but if they lose their hats, their heads go too. Equally hollow both of them."

Colonel Westcombe very seldom said a spiteful word, but it was enough to vex him to see his new beaver display no swimming powers in the rapids of the Feign, and to hear a loud laugh from some young fellows (meant for gentlemen) who, if they had been at all up to their birth, would have jumped into the water and pushed one another out of it, in rivalry to help a white-haired man. The Colonel, in reply to their laugh, bowed to them, to thank them for having observed his trouble, and then with deliberation walked into the river, found his water-logged hat, and without another glance at them, crossed the rugged channel, to save going round by the bridge for his horses. Jack Westcombe, who was watching Rose, saw by her glance that something was wrong in that direction, and as soon as he found out what it was, indignation made him act amiss. For he took the two leaders in the heyday of their grin, and recalled their jocularity to their own concerns by delivering them handsomely into a lively stickle.

Scarcely was there time to get fairly through this before the full brunt of the storm was upon them, and the valley was swept with confusion. The hills seemed to bow in the darkening air, and torrent wisps, like pitchforked hay, scattered all the lines of wood and crag. Away went canoes, kettle poles, and hampers; and not even a bottle full of stout could stand upright. The ladies, who would not heed a word of warning, clung to the trees, and strove to bring their skirts behind them; for skirts were then seen, where they now have heel-flaps. Like arrows a cloth-yard long, thickened in with cross-bow bolts, came the flight of the rain, with a cast of blue among the tree trunks, where it ran into the forest haze. Where it struck the young leaves they went up like shells, with the glazed side downward, and any brown folio of last year, still sticking to its masty chronicle, was whirled and tossed off like a winnowing.

But one of the worst things for all the good people, who had fed on the fat of the land all day, and greased every brier with daintiness, was the rising of their ashes into their own eyes and teeth. Stacks of dried furze from the hill had been burned to enable them to spoil cookery, and many a poor tree had been harried of its young leaves by their skeltering smoke. And now, being full of intelligence, they owned —whenever they found space for a whisper —that there is such a thing as paying dearly for one's roast.

Young Westcombe had observed, with much vexation, that through Squire Dicky's manœuvre about Rose, his own good father had been robbed of the pleasure of her company at dinner-time. After all the kindness of Mr. Arthur, and the confidence placed in his honor, Jack had felt, throughout the day, that it would be mean on his part to take advantage of this neutral ground, and endeavor so to steal into forbidden graces. Nevertheless, it had seemed quite fair to bring about, as far as might be, a feeling of good-will and independent liking between the fair stranger and the Colonel. And now, when he saw the hope of this cut short, in the general confusion, and nobody coming to the aid of poor Miss Arthur, his heart burned within him to redress the sad neglect. Without a moment lost he ran up and led her into a beautifully sheltered spot, where a cove of dry stone was overhung with fringes of ivy. "You now think twice about yourself," he said; "they have roasted you, and run away, and left you to get sodden."

"It is not quite so bad as that," she answered, while the storm increased around. "I am not even wet; and if I were, it would not hurt me, except for my father's kindness."

"How fond you are of your dear father! I am sure I am not at all surprised at it. I have met him several times; and I feel as if— But he does not want any praise of mine."

"He is far above anybody's praise," said Rose, lifting her gentle eyes with pride; and then, for fear of seeming rude, she added, "but I am very glad that you speak so, because you are so straightforward."

"And what did you think of my father, if you please? You have not seen him at his best to-day. People of this kind put him out, because he is so unpretentious. I was in such a rage when they called you away, just when my father would have got on well. It was too bad of that little miserable Dicky. I would gladly have put him on the bonfire. I hope he is drenched by this time."

"You should not say such little things. I am sure you do not mean them. He is not well yet; and he is never very strong. There was such a rush of dust that I can not be sure, but I think I saw Lady Touchwood in the distance putting him into the great yellow carriage, with a tall man to take care of him. He requires to be well looked after."

Jack Westcombe laughed, for he was greatly pleased. Young men seem to have no confidence at all either in their own choice, or in the judgment of the chosen one, that they continually get so jealous of some fellow utterly below contempt. "You scarcely seem to share his dear mamma's opinion of him." Jack became quite noble, as he cast off petty feelings; "but, Miss Arthur, there are many things about him that one can not help feeling an affection for. He does not give himself half the airs that might be expected of him. He is very kind-hearted, and he loves his bit of sport, and he tries to set up a strong way of his own, if his mother and sister would only let him. He won't take to cheating, like his father—at least, that is not what I ought to say; what I mean is that he does not love commerce and contracts and those dishonest ways of getting half a dozen carriages. He is soft; but by way of contrast I like him. Squire Dicky is not a bad fellow at all."

Rose Arthur looked at Jack, as he shook his head judicially after summing up in favor of Dicky Touchwood, and she wondered at his impartiality about a gentleman whom he had longed so lately to put upon one of the bonfires. Somehow or other she had formed great faith in the stability of this Jack, and now he seemed a Jack of both sides.

"You must not suppose that he will ever do anything," continued the other, for fear of having helped to exalt his rival dangerously; "he will never do any good as long as he exists. Only it is a great thing to do no harm, for people who have gone up so, and made a heap of money. But you have not told me what you thought of my good father."

"I never saw anybody I liked so much without knowing anything about them. He seems to me to be of the very noblest nature, and he had just come up a tremendous hill."

"He can go up a hill now every bit as well as I can," said Jack, with filial poetic license; "if it wasn't for his wounds, I could never overtake him. But that is a trifle compared to what they say about him in all the great histories. In at least three battles with the entire French army, everything depended upon my father; and he did it so superbly that their only chance was to run away immediately. He never mentioned it; and he would be very angry to think that I knew anything about it. But history is history, and there you find the whole of it. Though I should not have known half as much as I do if it had not been for old General Punk. The General is a most opiniated man, and a great friend of my father's; and when anything is said, he shuts one eye, and just glances with the other at my father. If you could only see him, you would understand how our old officers conceal their exploits."

"I have always thought, and I am quite sure now," cried Rose, blushing up to her long eyelashes, as she dropped them in sweet excitement, "that my father must have done great exploits too, because he never speaks of them. He was in the thickest of the war in Spain, as I know from a quantity of little things about olives, and grapes, and cork-trees. But oh, Mr. Westcombe, I never meant to speak of it, and I beg you not to say a word about it. My father's desire is to live in strict retirement, as nearly all the great men long to do. I may trust you, I am sure, not to say a word about it."

"Your father has trusted me," Jack answered, with a gaze magnanimously calm and abstract, considering the state his heart was in; "I know a great deal more of him than anybody else does. He said that he could see what I was quite plainly, and I do not violate any confidence in telling you that he liked me."

It may be doubted whether this was purely upright on the part of Mr. John Westcombe. And he even felt some doubts upon the point himself, when he came to think of it afterward. But for Rose to be looking at him as she was, and for him to be looking at her, and knowing how seldom he got any chance of so doing—purely through his own uprightness—and feeling what a difference it made to him, even to be near her in the very worst of weather, and what a thing it would be to have made her think a little of him, just now and then, with a gentle bit of sympathy, and a soft curiosity about his meaning—all this, in one moment crowding in upon him so, left him very little time for neglecting his own interests.

"If the rain would only stop," said the young lady, looking round for something superior to talk of; "but it seems to be growing darker almost every minute. It serves me quite right for my selfishness in coming."

"You should never say that. You did not come to please yourself, but because your father wished it. Leave everything to me. I will take good care that you shall get home quite dry and very nice—though nothing makes you look anything but nice. Now will you be frightened if I run away for less than ten minutes, and will you promise strictly to stay here?"

She laughed at the idea of being frightened, and nodded with a pretty smile her promise to stay there. "But I am so afraid that you will get wet!" she said, with a glance worth a thousand thorough duckings. In fear of making answer to impression, Jack kissed his hand, and set forth into the storm, wishing hotly that there was a hurricane or deluge to meet for her sake, and to shield her from. And she came to the corner of the shelter and peeped round, with her beautiful hair scattered down the outward shoulder, and her hat blown back, and the carmine of the wind striking the oval of her gentle face. "Go back," he shouted, and she obeyed him, and thought of him the whole time that she was left alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I HAVE SOMETHING IN MY EYE."

BY THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

HAVE you, my good fellow? Well, I know it is a painful enough accident, although such a slight one, and I will see if I can not soon relieve you. It isn't mortar or lime, you say? Well, that's all right. Now don't go on rubbing it so; it will only make it worse; the more you rub, the more inflamed and dry will your eye become, and the less will be the chance of the offending substance coming out by itself. Keep your eye shut, don't touch it, let the tears, which will surely flow, fill your eye, and in great probability you will find that they will effectually bring the fly, bit of dust, or whatever it may be, to the outer part of the eyelid, from whence you will easily be able to remove it. You disagree with me, do you? You say that you have often got a fly out of your eye by gently rubbing toward your nose. I don't doubt it for a moment; but in all probability the fly was close to the edge of the eyelid, and you were possessed of some little knack in so removing it—a knack which possibly nineteen persons out of twenty are not possessed of—and consequently I think you will see that my advice on this point is, on the whole, good.

What do you say?—it won't come out my way? Well, what is it, do you think, that has got into your eye? A piece of stone chip. Very well; sit down, and let me see if I can not soon remove the cause of this irritating pain. Now look up at me. Don't be frightened; I sha'n't hurt you. Now I am almost sure from experience that I shall find it under your upper eyelid, and to get at it I must turn this up. How am I going to do this? Oh, that is easy enough. I lay this small probe, for which I could easily substitute the blunt end of a darning or worsted needle, across the upper lid; I now take hold of the middle upper eyelashes between my finger and thumb, and whilst drawing them outward and upward, I gently press the probe upon the lid. I now tell you to look down, and the eyelid at once becomes everted. Ah! now I see what it is giving you all this pain. I will wipe it away with a camel's-hair brush, slightly moistened, or if I could not have got that, a piece of cotton-wool or soft handkerchief dipped in water would have done as well. Now it's all right; you see it was not a very formidable operation either for you to bear or for me to perform. All you need do now is to keep your eyelids closed for a little while, and it will soon be quite well again, I hope.

What should I have done if the substance had been imbedded? Why, that would have required a certain amount of skill on my part and patience on yours, and as no one but a surgeon should attempt the removal of a foreign body, which has become imbedded, from the eye, I need not describe the process to you.

The eye pains you still, does it? Yes, I see it is very inflamed, owing in a great measure to your foolish efforts to rub the piece of stone-dust out. Well, I will just insert a drop of castor-oil or best sweet-oil, and it will soon be easier; but you had better cover it up, and not use it for a few hours, till it seems right again.

Lucky thing for you it was not mortar or lime that got into your eye, for that is not only acutely painful, but also very likely, unless quickly removed, to very materially affect the sight.

Now, if such had been the case, I should at once have well washed it out with a tepid solution of vinegar and water, using about a tea-spoonful of vinegar to two ounces of water. After I had given it a good bathing, I should have everted the lid as before described to you, and seen if all the particles of mortar or lime were thoroughly removed. I should have then dropped some castor-oil into the eye, and told you not to attempt to use it or let the light get to it for some little time. I may here tell you that if such an accident did happen to you, it would be wise for you in any case to let a medical man see your eye, and make sure that no mischief had been done.

If your eye had been injured by a strong acid, the treatment would be to at once syringe it out with a solution of bicarbonate of soda, about four grains to an ounce of water, and after that had been effectually done, you might then have some oil, as before described, dropped into it. Supposing your eyelids were also injured by strong acids, it is best to dress them with a liniment composed of linseed-oil and lime-water, equal parts, with a little prepared chalk, well mixed. You dip a piece of soft lint into this liniment, and apply it over the eye, securing it with a pad of cotton-wool and a bandage.

Now sometimes you may fancy you have suddenly a bit of grit or brick-dust in your eye, and no argument will convince you that such is not the case; but let me explain to you that this feeling is the first symptom of an inflammatory cold of the outer covering of the eye called the conjunctiva, and a very painful feeling it is too. You ask what you should do if you caught such a cold in your eye? Most decidedly let a medical man see it at once, for if this condition be not properly and quickly attended to, serious mischief may be the result. In all probability he will order you to take some aperient medicine, to stay in-doors for a few days, and to wear a shade over your eye. He may then tell you to foment it well with a decoction of poppy heads, made by mixing an ounce of crushed poppy heads with a pint of water, and boiling this for a quarter of an hour, and straining through muslin; or he may tell you to keep a piece of lint dipped in some Goulard water over the eye, with a piece of cotton-wool and oil-silk outside. In a day or two, when the acute symptoms have subsided, he may then order you to bathe it well with cold water or some astringent lotion. To do this properly you must procure a regular eye-douche, or an eye-cup, which are sold for this purpose. The eye-cup consists of a small oval-shaped glass vessel, somewhat larger than the eye, which, as it were, fits into it. You fill this glass with whatever the doctor may have ordered, and press it against the eyelids, which you must open whilst in the fluid, and by this method the eye is thoroughly and effectually washed.

Now I have told you all I think worth your while to know about the way of dealing with these slight accidents that may at any time happen to this most delicate and wonderful organ of sight, and I hope I have taught you sufficient to enable you to render help when required to some momentarily unhappy individual, who, like yourself just now, has got something in his eye.

A WAG OF A DOG.

A MINISTER of the Church of Scotland tells, in *Chambers's Journal*, of a favorite dog of his who was brimful of fun. Dogs, he says, are always credited with kindliness, sagacity, and faithfulness, but not often with humor. My experience, however, has led me to conclude that, as a rule, they have an intense sense of the ludicrous. It varies, of course, with different breeds, a large dog inclining to fun, while an English terrier is generally a cynic; but every dog, except ladies' lap-dogs and obviously stupid animals, has some sense of humor in his character. Some years ago I had a fine retriever who had the most unmistakable enjoyment of fun. This was, indeed, a kind of failing in poor Humphry (he is now dead), and led him into excesses he afterward plainly regretted, both as a dog and as a minister's dog. But though I must say he had a becoming sense of his position, and on visitation or at a session meeting conducted himself with blameless propriety, he could hardly resist an opportunity for a practical joke.

One minister who visited my manse occasionally was a favorite victim. The good man, who had not a gleam of humor in *his* disposition, was morbidly afraid of all dogs, and was quite convinced that Humphry in particular was bent on assaulting him. It was in vain to assure him that Humphry was the very paragon of good-nature, and to point out that when we were all out walking together he never once offered to annoy him. My friend was persuaded that if Humphry only got him alone, he would play some trick upon him. In fact, he would not take a turn in the garden without assuring himself that that "brute of a dog" was not prowling about; and I now think he had reason.

One day, having satisfied himself that Humphry was out of the way, he went out to a favorite walk that ran along beside a high hedge, and began to ruminate over some theological problem, as he paced backward and forward, free from all anxiety. Then, to my amusement, as I freely confess, I saw Humphry's black but most intelligent countenance peeping out from an opening in a hedge at the upper end of the garden, and watching with keen delight his unsuspecting prey. He then squeezed himself through, trotted down the garden in a stately manner, and just as our friend was approaching the end of the hedge, Humphry presented himself, and gave one bark. That bark can hardly be described; but all my readers who know the sound of fun in a dog's bark can imagine it. The look of dismay in the minister's solemn face as he found himself thus suddenly at his tormentor's mercy was a study; and he began to retire backward, as from the presence of royalty. This proceeding Humphry, who was simply playing on the man's nervousness, watched with much relish; and then, when it had landed our friend half way up the walk, he hurried along the other side of the hedge, and repeated the former bark, this time *behind* the minister, whose self-possession now gave way, and gathering up his coat, like a child wading through water, he made a clean bolt for a neighboring summer-house. Humphry was quite unable to follow him. He lay down on the grass, and literally rolled in an ecstasy of delight.

When I arrived on the spot as a relieving expedition, Humphry had recovered himself, and was seated before his friend's place of refuge, listening with much complacency to a string of conciliatory remarks, "Fine fellow," "Poor dog," as if he had been a lap-dog, and suggestions such as "Pussy, pussy, sh—sh, cats," but steadily maintaining his position of watchfulness. But as soon as I made my appearance he seemed at once to realize his undignified and inhospitable conduct, and hurriedly retired from the scene, with an expression of deep repentance in his ears and tail. After this unfortunate incident I could no longer stand up for his innocence, and was obliged to shut him up during the minister's visit, lest the very sight of the man should be too much for Humphry's virtue.

By accident I learned one day another of Humphry's standing jokes; for, as I said before, he was the most staid of dogs when with myself. One of my elders, a most kindly and useful man, was little, and slightly deformed, and I noticed that Humphry took much interest in him. However, they were excellent friends, and I never suspected how much the elder suffered for this friendship, till I saw him coming along by the side of the church, and pressing himself against the wall, while Humphry accompanied him, giving derisive barks, and inviting the little elder out to the open road.

"Dear me, John, *you* are not afraid of Humphry? What in the world are you doing?"

"I daurna leave the wa'," said the poor man, who proceeded to explain that the moment he did so, Humphry, if in a mischievous mood, would run in between his legs and capsize him on his back. But he added, with a kindly look at Humphry, who remained at a safe distance, "Dinna thrash him, for he's a fine dog; and it's jist his natur'—he's that fond o' a joke." A rather rough one, however; and I induced Humphry to abstain from it in future. But as often as he saw the good little man shuffling along the road, a gleam of suppressed fun came into his expressive face.

On another occasion I heard a great noise, made up of women scolding and dogs barking, in our village washing green; and looking out of my gate, I saw that in the centre of the green was spread a large washing, and on the central shirt sat my little English terrier. What had made him take up that position I can not tell, except pure mischief; but there he was sitting, and receiving the angry threats of the woman in charge with an ill-natured growl and a gleam of his teeth. Up above on a knoll I saw that Humphry lay stretched, viewing the whole affair with deep interest, and joining in the conversation at intervals with a most comical "bouf." The moment I showed myself, both dogs recollected some business they had up the way, and disappeared, while I made an apology to the good housewife. "But why did you not drive Jackie off your shirts?"

"Drive him aff! Little ye ken him. He's jist a wee Satan, and hauds oor green in bondage. But I wonder sic a sonsy beast as Humphry wud coontenance sic tricks; only a'body kens he'll dae onything that's droll."

Yes, that was his failing. The kindest of dogs, the pet of all our children, the protector of all little dogs, and the most affectionate of companions, he was apt to forget himself on such occasions. His penitence afterward was, I believe, really genuine, for he was a dog of fine feelings; but it was too short-lived, and nearly every week was signalized by some new escapade. Yet he was perhaps the most popular character in our district, was welcome in every house, and when he died—poisoned, as we supposed—Humphry was universally regretted. "So Humphry's dead," said one whom he often teased. "Weel, he'll be sair missed, for he was a droll dog."

JOHN'S WIFE.

IF I say "Yes" to thee, John, can I thy love retain?
For I'm no beauty, dear; there's plenty call me plain.
Lilies and roses don't blend their tints in my face;
I have no witching blue eyes, no wonderful grace;
But I have health, and truth, and youth, and I love no other but thee:
John, thou must take me all in all, or else thou must let me be.

I am no scholar, John; of art I could not speak;
I could not pose or dress, and look like an ancient Greek;
I'm not æsthetic at all; I do not paint or play;
Nor could I write tale or poem, no matter what the pay;
But I can keep the house-place bright, and I love no one but thee:
John, thou must take me all in all, or thou must let me be.

Come to my heart, dear girl! Give me thy sun-browned hand.
Fairer art thou to me than the fairest in the land.
Dear little womanly woman! Love shall be my share.
Love is better than witching eyes or sunny hair;
Love is better than beauty or wit; love is better than gold.
For love is not found in the market-place; love is not bought and sold.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

COW-CATCHERS are not needed on the electric railway motors in Prussia. A horse which stepped on one of the rails was thrown down, and another suffered a shock that sent it galloping away in terror. Deaf men will be able to indulge their propensity for walking on the track by wearing shoes with India rubber soles.

Hail-stones which recently fell in an enterprising neighborhood in Kansas were of the modest size of walnuts, but the expectant public is informed that they "contained in the centre small pebbles."

The task of revising the Massachusetts statutes is in progress. Perhaps it was in anticipation of this work that the Great and General Court once voted to have the old papers in the State-House re-arranged, and to have new copies made of such as were found to be illegible.

St. Louis tramps bet their beggings on the issue of encounters between the quarrelsome little sparrows in the parks.

An old angler, who is vouched for as being "as reliable as any fisherman on the river," claims to have caught five glimpses of a mermaid in the Ohio River near Marietta. He says that it comes to the surface, looks about it, and then gradually sinks, leaving its beautifully long and glossy black hair floating for a moment on the water. He represents it as having the face of a woman, and says that he didn't shoot the strange creature because he feared that if he did, he would "get into some sort of a murder trial." When asked whether the mermaid carried a comb or looking-glass, he resisted temptation, and answered, "It might have, but I didn't see any."

The case of alleged bribery in the New York Legislature has occasioned a profound sensation in some parts of the West, where Assemblyman Bradley's depositing the $2000 with the Speaker is regarded as an unprecedented example of one legislator's confidence in another.

A juvenile military company in Washington was attacked with a stick by William Neal, a little negro. Captain Harry Cook, commanding the young warriors, struck the attacking party with his sabre. Civil law and civil rights were vindicated in the payment by Captain Cook of a fine of one dollar.

It is claimed in Arizona that dogs do not run mad there, and that sun-stroke is unknown. A paper printed in that Territory desires to have this claim "made known to all the earth," to the end that all who are in fear of rabid dogs and the sun's heat may find a place of refuge there.

Fourteen years ago a Maine man left his wife and child at dinner, and was not again seen by them till they found him eating bacon and beans in a miner's hut under the shadow of Table Mountain, California, ten years later. Two years ago the women disappeared. A few months ago the mother was fourth in a San Francisco walking match, with a record of 398 miles, and the daughter was locked up in Oakland, she having tried to drown herself after being made insane by the faithlessness of her lover. The profits yielded by a pea-nut stand in San Francisco now enable the mother to care for her daughter.

A Colorado paper says that about one hundred and fifty Chinamen "are sluicing out gold at the head of Russell Gulch." There is perhaps no other expression in the English language the sound of which suggests such easy and off-hand acquirement of wealth as "sluicing out gold."

There is considerable discussion in Boston as to whether the old State-House shall be sacrificed to the demands of commerce. The reason for the lack of unanimity is that the old State-House is not *the* old State-House. A structure which claims respectability in Boston must have a clear record.

An Attleborough (Massachusetts) man had his will in a pocket of the coat in which he was buried. The heirs, who were present when the body was exhumed and the document brought to light, explained that the deceased man always was absent-minded.

In countries governed by monarchs the people are accustomed to scenes of splendor. This may account for the fact that a Montreal paper devotes only five lines to speaking of the features of a forth-coming hackmen's picnic.

A parrot in Harlem speaks two hundred and fifty words. There being less than that number of profane expressions in the English language, it is presumable that the bird is something of a polyglot.

A young man in Waupaca, Oregon, admired two young women with equal intensity, and each of them was as proud as the other of his admiration. So they decided by the toss of a coin which should have the preference, and the loser is to be first bridemaid at the wedding.

London hatters are authority for the assertion that the heads of their customers are gradually diminishing in equatorial diameter, and the English Derby hats seem to be evidence of a flattening in the other direction.

Young men in England play polo in the glare of electric lights. Attention is divided between the skill of the players and the agility of the ponies in stepping over the black shadows.

Although some of the rising young epicures in London dine off "tongues of nightingales which have been fed on Corsican myrtles," the older generation still sticks to its English roast beef.

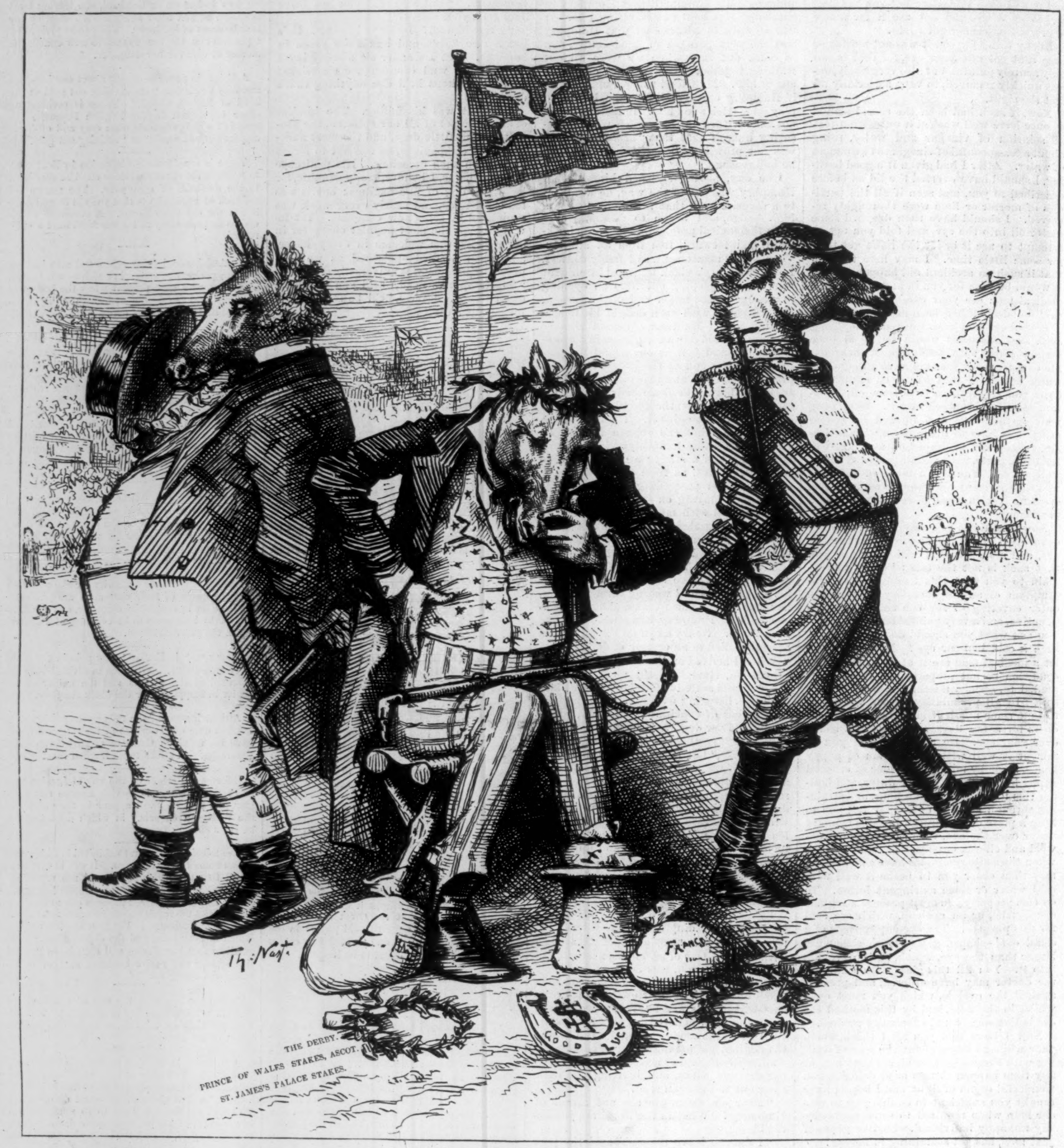
Information comes by the way of London that ex-President Hayes is to visit Europe this summer, and that he "will appear in the pulpits of the Wesleyan chapels," in which denomination he is "a shining light."

The telephone was first exhibited in China and Japan some three years ago. It was at first supposed that the instrument could not reproduce the peculiar intonation of the Chinese language; but at length it occurred to some one to give it a chance, and the result was satisfactory. The first Telephone Exchange in the East has been established in Singapore, and the *Japan Weekly Mail* predicts that the system will soon be in general use among the native business men of Hong-Kong and Shanghai.

Sojourner Truth, at the age of one hundred and six years, is lecturing in Michigan. It is understood that she is about to make the greatest effort of her life.

A prisoner in the jail at Hannibal, Missouri, unlocked his cell door and the outer door of the prison—"with some piece of tin or iron in his possession," writes the narrator—and disappeared. To guard against being put to so much trouble in the event of his being recaptured, and having to escape again, he took the locks along with him.

There is something almost pleasing in the voices of the street criers as heard in the cities of the Old World. Each has its distinguishing pitch, or cadence, or inflection, and they enter the open windows in summer-time without vexing the ears of those within. But in New York the venders produce an almost unendurable pandemonium with their desperate howls. Excepting the sharp but not ear-piercing yelp of the milkmen, the cry of the ragmen, and the voices of the venders of charcoal, there is hardly a cry, among all of those which help to drive people into the country as soon as the season of open windows arrives, that can be distinguished, unless it is roared with such volume that the syllables are distinct; and when the sidewalks are almost lined with bawling venders, each striving to drown the voices of all the others, there is little for the dwellers in the vicinity to do but to give their undivided attention to the contest. There is a moment of satisfaction when the voice of the robust vender of strawberries suddenly cracks from overstraining, and he drops out of the competition; but another of the howling tribe is sure to take his place, and then it is perhaps tin-ware, or brooms, or crockery, that has the lead. Between the venders and the hand-organ grinders there is no such thing as an approach to quiet till cold weather comes as a protection. It is possible that this republic would not be compelled to forfeit its claim to being the land of the free if there should be enacted for this city an ordinance in some degree curtailing the privileges of the street venders and the hand-organ men.



ENOUGH TO MAKE A HORSE LAUGH.

A ROMAN VILLA.

ON page 433 our readers will find a picture of the remains of an ancient Roman villa, recently discovered at Malta. By many antiquarians this villa is supposed to have been the residence of PUBLIUS. The mosaic floors are of various colors, that in the immediate foreground being inlaid with white, black, red, and green. The vase and ovids in the peristyle are yellow on a black ground, surrounded with the remains of sixteen Doric columns. The peristyle is twenty-four feet square.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

THE electric railway which Dr. WERNER SIEMENS has constructed in Berlin, between the suburb of Lichtenfeld and the Cadettenhaus, is now regularly open for passengers, and is giving great satisfaction. The rails are of the ordinary railway pattern, but the gauge is only three feet three inches. A single car is propelled by the current at an average speed of nine miles an hour, though this rate can be doubled if necessary. The original model for this line, of which we give an illustration on page 433, is now at work at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, as an attraction for visitors; but it is probable that electric railways, before many years are past, may supersede steam as a motive power.

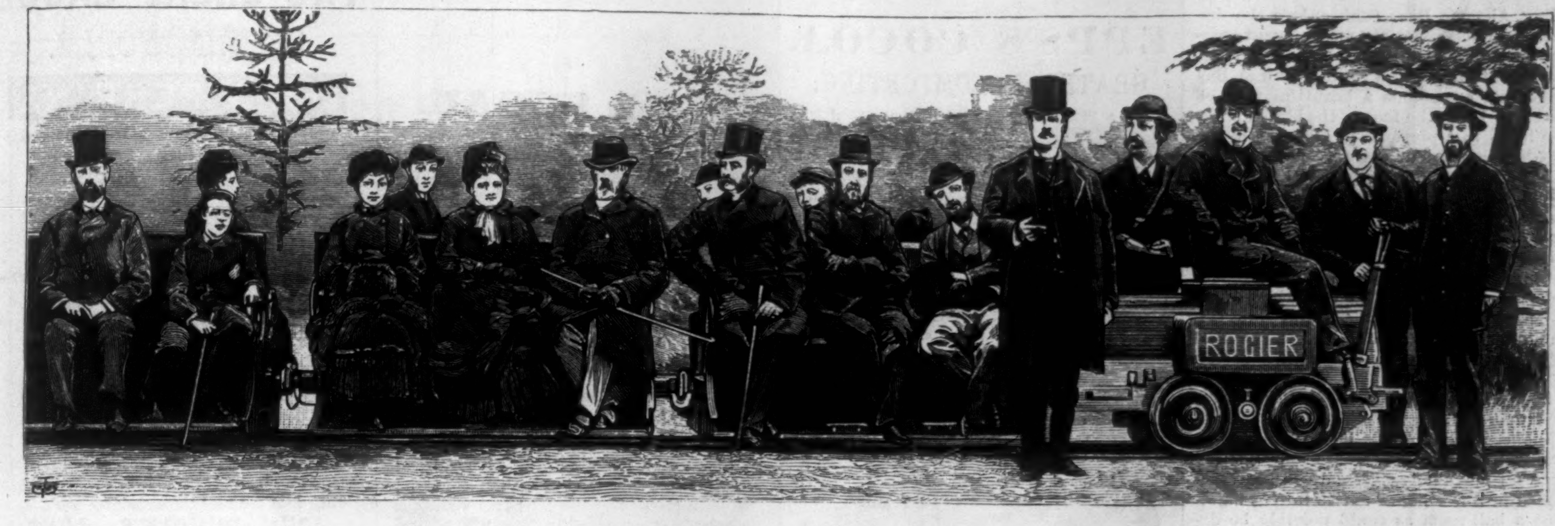
The electric railway at Berlin is about a mile and a half long. No difficulty has been experienced in using one rail as the positive and the other as the negative conductor. The car is constructed to hold twenty persons, the dynamo machine being placed underneath the car, and transmitting its movement to the wheels by spiral steel springs. The authorities were for some time doubtful how to class this novel railway, and after long deliberation they have decided to rank it as a tram-car. The time for traversing the distance is not to be less than ten minutes, although the car could make the journey in almost half the time with perfect safety.

Over any other system worked by steam or compressed air the electrical has the advantage that no heavy machinery has to be carried about to set the train in motion. The carriages can therefore be built in a lighter manner, thus reducing the power necessary to move them, and permitting all bridges and other superstructures to be built more cheaply than usual. Several carriages, each with a dynamo machine, can be joined to one train, and by this distribution of motive power much steeper inclines can be overcome than when the same train is drawn by a single locomotive. In addition to the ordinary brakes, means can be provided to short-circuit the machines on the carriages, and to cause them to act as very powerful brakes. The use of large stationary engines reduces the amount of fuel necessary to develop a certain power on the travelling carriage, and if water-falls can be utilized, the cost of working these railways can be further diminished. It seems probable that such railways can be usefully and economically constructed to facilitate the traffic in crowded streets, or in situations where local circumstances favor their application. From all that has been done during the last few years it is evident that the art of transmitting power by electricity has advanced rapidly, and that its practical application is continually gaining ground.

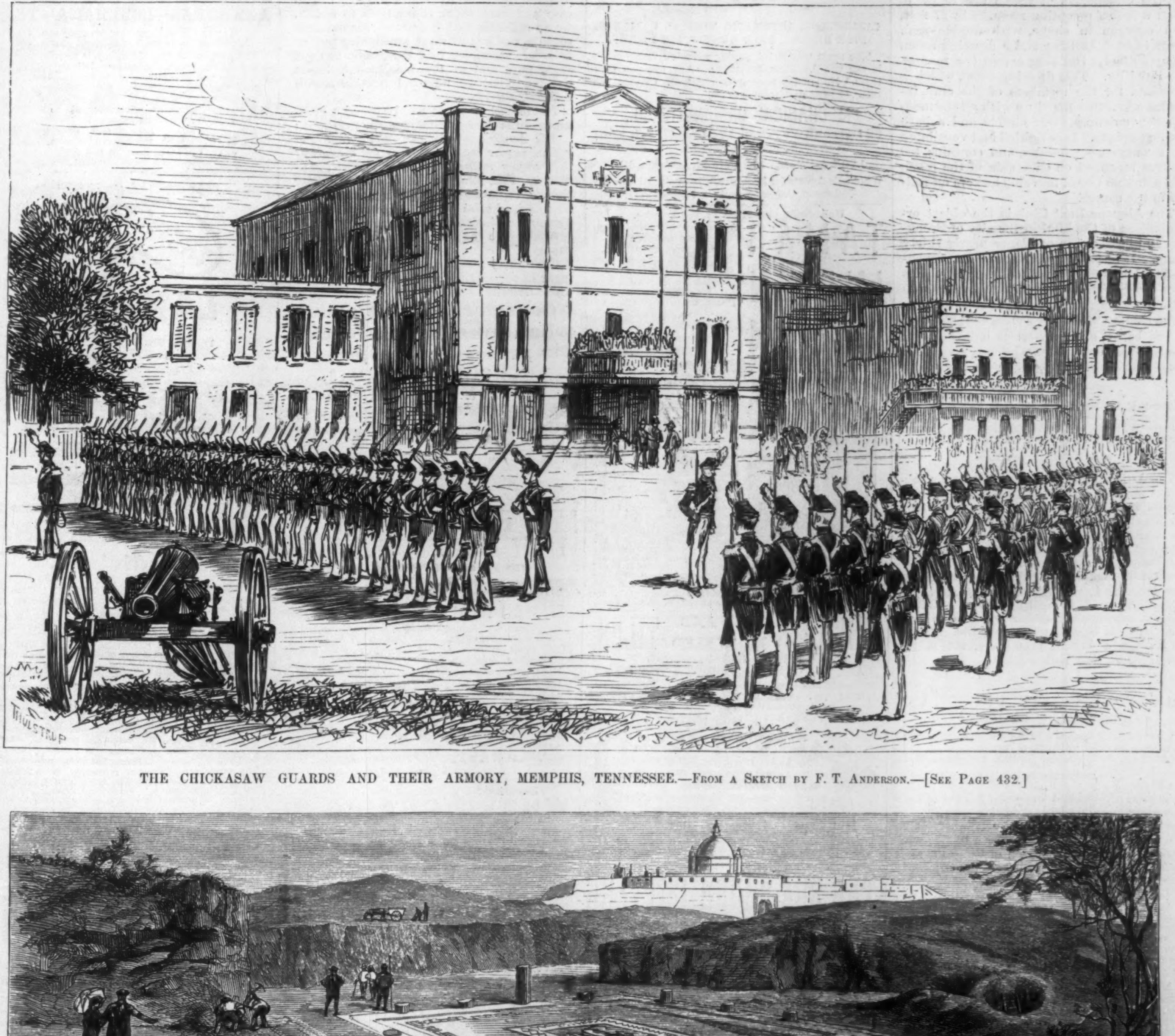
THE CHICKASAW GUARDS.

ON page 433 will be found a sketch of the famous military company of Memphis, Tennessee, the Chickasaw Guards, drawn up in front of their armory building in that city. The "Chicks," as they are familiarly called, have won the reputation, by the decision of West Point officers, of being the most perfectly drilled company of citizen soldiery in the United States. They have won the chief prize for excellence in competitive drills at Memphis, Nashville, St. Louis, Columbus, Ohio, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and New Orleans, against the "crack" companies of the South and West. In 1878, General SHERMAN witnessed their drill in the contest at St. Louis, and pronounced them superior to anything in or out of West Point.

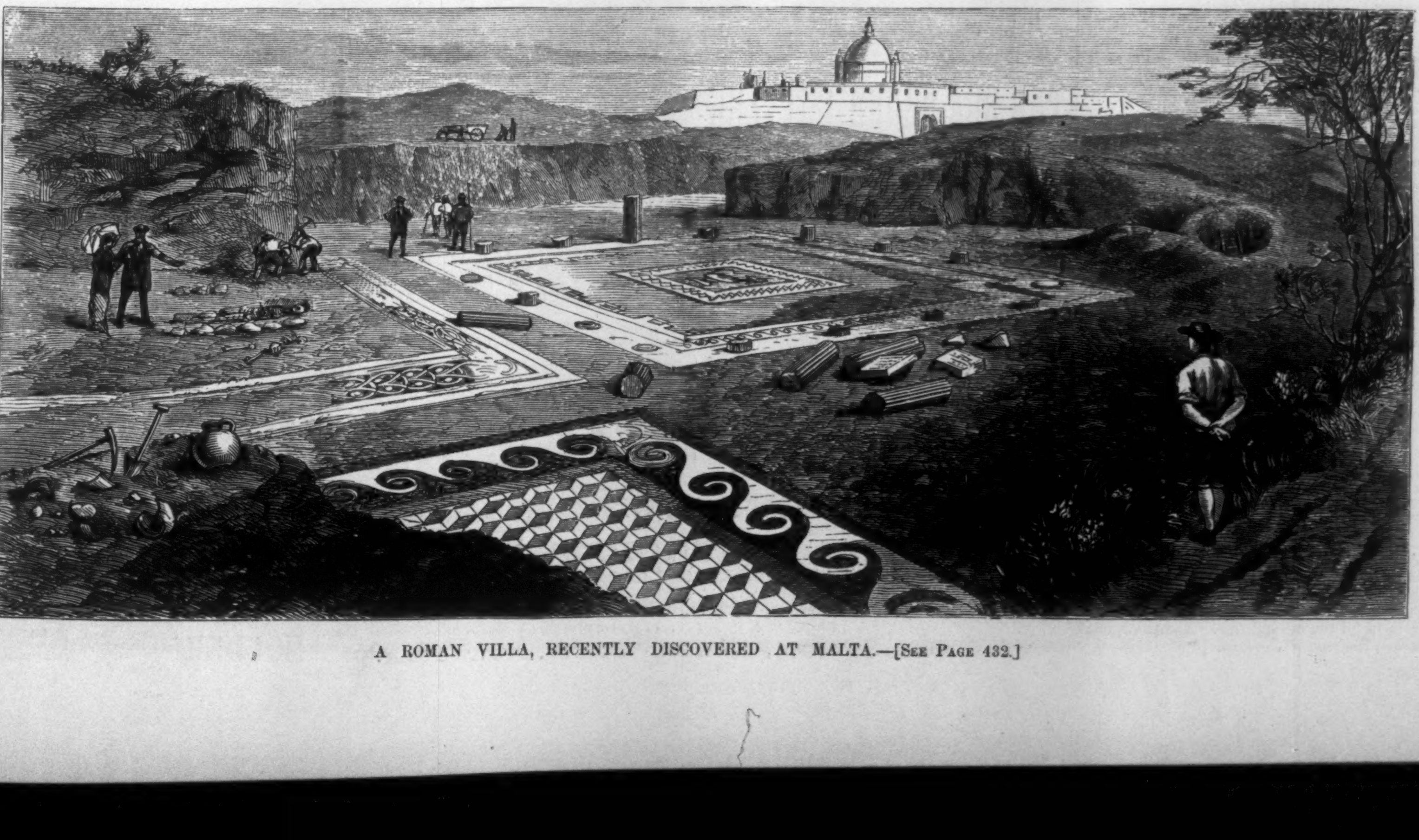
The "Chicks" were organized in 1874. The present officers are Captain S. T. CARNES, Lieutenants W. L. CLAPP and H. L. GUION. Very few of the original charter members now belong to the company. We would like to see this famous company break a "friendly lance" with some of our best companies here in New York.



AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—[See Page 432.]



THE CHICKASAW GUARDS AND THEIR ARMORY, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—From a Sketch by F. T. Anderson.—[See Page 432.]



A ROMAN VILLA, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT MALTA.—[See Page 432.]

THE ALCYONE BOAT-HOUSE.

THE Alcyone Boat Club enjoys the distinction of possessing the most elegant boat-house in the vicinity of New York. It stands at the foot of a rolling bluff at Bay Ridge, and commands a beautiful view of the bay. From the foot of the bluff a staircase leads to a platform in the rear of the boat-house, and four entrance doors at this point—two communicating with the spacious boat-room on the lower floor, and two leading directly to the upper story—provide ample means for entrance and egress. The building faces the bay, and from a platform in front two bridges, 30 feet long by 10 feet wide, running down to a float 25 by 40 feet, which rises and falls with the tide, and which is said to be the largest of the kind in this country, furnishes all the facilities for the launching of boats. The entire lower floor, 40 by 70 feet, is used as a room for the storage of boats, tackle, oars, and all the appliances employed in boating. It is so arranged as to accommodate four tiers of boats on movable racks, and can be transformed in a few hours' notice into as handsome a ball-room as could possibly be desired.

The second floor contains a ladies' parlor, the dimensions of which are 10 by 15 feet; a ladies' reception-room, 26 by 27 feet, and octagon in shape, with double-sash doors in each corner; and a dressing-room, 26 by 40 feet, extending across the rear of the building. This dressing-room, which is intended for the members of the club, includes a lavatory fitted up with all the modern conveniences, linen closets, and a bath six feet square. It is lighted and ventilated by twenty-two windows, and contains 100 lockers arranged on each side of the room, and a double tier of movable lockers on rollers in the centre.

The Alcyone Boat Club is the oldest organization of the kind in the city of Brooklyn, and has been in existence nearly thirty years. It has eighty-five active and seventy-five honorary or retired members. Its fleet consists of two eight-oared shells, two six-oared gigs, two four-oared gigs, two pair-oared shells, two double sculls, one six-oared ladies' barge, one four-oared ladies' barge, one working boat, three wherries, and about ten single sculls belonging to members.

Now that the hot weather is upon us most people are considering how they can sleep comfortably. Mr. HERMON W. LADD, of Boston, calls attention through our advertising columns to his "XX Cot."—[*Adv.*]

THE Artificial Food of Infants has been a subject of studious interest with intelligent mothers and the medical profession for years. Not only the health, and perhaps life of the mother, but the constitution of the infant is involved in the supply of proper artificial sustenance. The Victor Baby Food approaches nearer to healthy breast-milk than anything that chemical science has devised. It requires no cooking or added ingredients, and is conveniently given, according to plain and simple directions which accompany each box. It is sold by all druggists. VICTOR E. MAUGER & PETRIE, Proprietors, 104 to 110 Reade Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN NERVOUS DEBILITY.

I HAVE used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in nervous debility, with most satisfactory results.
—[*Adv.*] Portland, Me. S. E. SYLVESTER, M. D.

Is there a harmless face powder? Yes; Riker's American Face Powder is *absolutely* harmless and very beautiful in effect. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find Riker's Cream of Roses the most satisfactory article they can use.—[*Com.*]

IT is a foolish mistake to confound a remedy of merit with the quack medicines now so common. We have used Parker's Ginger Tonic with the happiest results for Rheumatism and Dyspepsia, and when worn out by overwork, and know it to be a sterling health restorative.—[*Adv.*]

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER,
When used in the bath or at the toilet, purifies, softens, and whitens the skin; refreshes, invigorates, and imparts a delightful sensation of coolness and buoyancy, at the same time diffusing a charming and lasting fragrance of rare exotic flowers. It is greatly superior to Eau de Cologne.

LANMAN & KEMP, New York, Sole Proprietors.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale Depot in London, No. 7 Snow Hill.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN a young man comes home late Sunday night with one boot in his hand, you may be sure it is not settled, but he gets a bottle German Corn Remover before the *next* Sunday. 25c. Sold by Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

BECAUSE it adds to personal beauty by restoring color and lustre to gray or faded hair, and is beneficial to the scalp, is why Parker's Hair Balsam is such a popular dressing.—[*Adv.*]

A SPECIAL TEACHER, and author of a popular System of Penmanship, graduate of the Westfield, Mass., Normal School, with ten years' experience as principal and assistant, solicits an engagement for the coming year. Address Special Teacher, Rahway, N. J.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

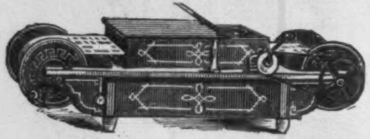
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists,*
LONDON, ENG.

Also, *Epps's Chocolate Essence* for afternoon use.

THE ORGUINETTE.



CABINETTOS, AUTOMATIC MUSICAL CABINETS, PIPE ORGANS, REED ORGANS, and PIANOS.

The most wonderful music-producing instruments in the world. Play everything. Any one can play them. No musical knowledge required. Call and see them, or send for Circular to the

MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.,
831 Broadway, bet. 12th and 13th Sts.,
NEW YORK.
LYON & HEALY, 162 State St., Chicago, Ill.,
Wholesale Agents for Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, and the Pacific Coast.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
75 cents the box.

Edson Electro-Magnetic Garter
CURES NEURALGIC PAINS, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, CRAMPS, etc. DEVELOPS the LEG, ANKLE and FOOT, strengthening the limbs, adds MARVELLOUS GRACE AND ELASTICITY TO THE STEP, and puts an end to ILL-SHAPEN and DWARFED LIMBS. Substantially made of best SILK, SATIN OR COTTON WEBBING. Beautiful in appearance.

PRICES: One inch, all Silk or Satin, French Elastic Webbing (usual colors), Ladies', $1.50; Men's, $2; Misses' $1; Children's (very soft and elastic), 75 cents. English Elastic Cotton Webbing (one inch wide,) Ladies', $1; Men's, $1.25; Misses', 75 cents. Sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Send for circular. LONDON ELECTRIC FABRIC CO., 144 Duane St., N. Y. P. O. Box 4048.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 Broadway, New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

LYON & HEALY
162 & 166 State Street Chicago,
Will send prepaid to any address, their
BAND CATALOGUE,
for 1881, 190 pages, 260 Engravings of Instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts, Pompons, Epaulets, Cap Lamps, Stands, Drum Major's Staffs and Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing Materials; also includes Instruction and Exercises for Amateur Bands, and a catalogue of choice Band Music.

THE SEA-SHORE COTTAGE
NEAR LONG BRANCH,

Situated immediately on the Beach, will be opened on June 15th.—Female teachers and women who earn their living may apply for terms, &c., at the
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
No. 7 East 15th Street, New York.

CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES
representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—Catalogues of Plays, Pantomimes, Charades, Tableaux, &c. Can be had *free*, by sending your address to
Post-Office Box 3410, New York.

PURE SUGAR.

By a recent invention, starch or corn sugar (more generally known as *glucose*), heretofore quite extensively used by confectioners, brewers, etc., has been made sufficiently dry and white so that it can be powdered and mixed with yellow sugars. It raises the standard of color largely, but not being so sweet reduces the saccharine strength, making it necessary to use more of the article to attain the usual degree of sweetness. Large quantities of this mixture are now being made and sold under various brands, but all of them, so far as we are aware, bear the words "New Process" in addition to other brands.

As refiners of cane sugar, we are, in view of these facts, liable to be placed in a false position before the public, as the results of analysis of sugar bought indiscriminately, will seem to confirm the false and malicious statements of interested persons, who alleged it was the common practice of the leading refiners to mix glucose with their sugars. While not intimating that a mixture of glucose and cane sugar is injurious to health, we do maintain that it defrauds the innocent consumer of just so much sweetening power. In order, therefore, that the public can get sugar pure and in the condition it leaves our refineries, we now put it up in barrels and *half barrels.*

Inside each package will be found a guarantee of the purity of the contents as follows:

We hereby inform the public that our refined sugars consist solely of the product of raw sugars refined. Neither Glucose, Muriate of Tin, Muriatic Acid, nor any other foreign substance whatever is, or ever has been, mixed with them. Our Sugars and Syrups are absolutely unadulterated.

Affidavit to the above effect in New York papers of November 18th, 1878.

Consumers should order from their grocer, sugar in our original packages, either half or whole barrels.

Consider well the above when purchasing sugar for preserving purposes.

HAVEMEYERS & ELDER,
DECASTRO & DONNER REFINING CO.
117 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES
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Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments.
Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of *all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments, *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed.

Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods.

Goods received and returned by express or by mail.

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5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

World's **ONLY** *Manufacturer of*
WHEEL CHAIRS
EXCLUSIVELY.—ALL Styles and Sizes for
Invalids and Cripples.
Self-propulsion by use of hands only, in street or house. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement *unequaled.* Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. For Illustrated Catalogue send stamp, and mention *Harper's Weekly.*
HERBERT S. SMITH, 32 Platt Street, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY, ALL OF YOU!
Caxtonette Press, $8.00.
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COLUMBIAN PRESSES from $25 to $56; will do first-class work. All are SELF-INKING. **Presses from $3.**
CURTIS & MITCHELL, Boston, Ms.
Send Stamp for catalogue. Estab. 1847.

CANDY Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

50 New Styles Perfumed Motto, Moss Rose, Violet, Japanese Cards, name on 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

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Hand and foot power. Business men are everywhere using it, thereby saving all their printing bills. Any boy can manage it. Prices from $3 to $175. Every Press absolutely guaranteed. HOW TO PRINT gives all the particulars. Address the Manufacturers,
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AVOID ALL CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

By using BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC LAUNDRY SOAP, for household and laundry purposes. It is first-class soap, containing Refined Carbolic Acid, which acts as a permanent disinfectant. The genuine has the name of the Sole Proprietors, **KIDDER & LAIRD**, printed on each wrapper.
SOLD AT ALL GROCERS.
Wholesale Depot, 83 John Street, New York.

THE GREAT SAUCE
OF THE WORLD.
LEA & PERRINS'

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of **GENUINE**
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
Sold and used throughout the world.
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AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

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TROPIC FRUIT LAXATIVE
Prepared from tropical fruits and plants.

A Delicious and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, Which Serves the Purpose of Pills and Disagreeable Purgative Medicines.

TROPIC-FRUIT LAXATIVE is the best preparation in the world for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Piles, and all kindred Complaints. It acts gently, effectively, and is delicious to take. Cleansing the system thoroughly, it imparts vigor to mind and body, and dispels Melancholy, Hypochondria, &c. *One trial convinces.* **Packed in bronzed tin boxes only.**

PRICE 25 and 60 CTS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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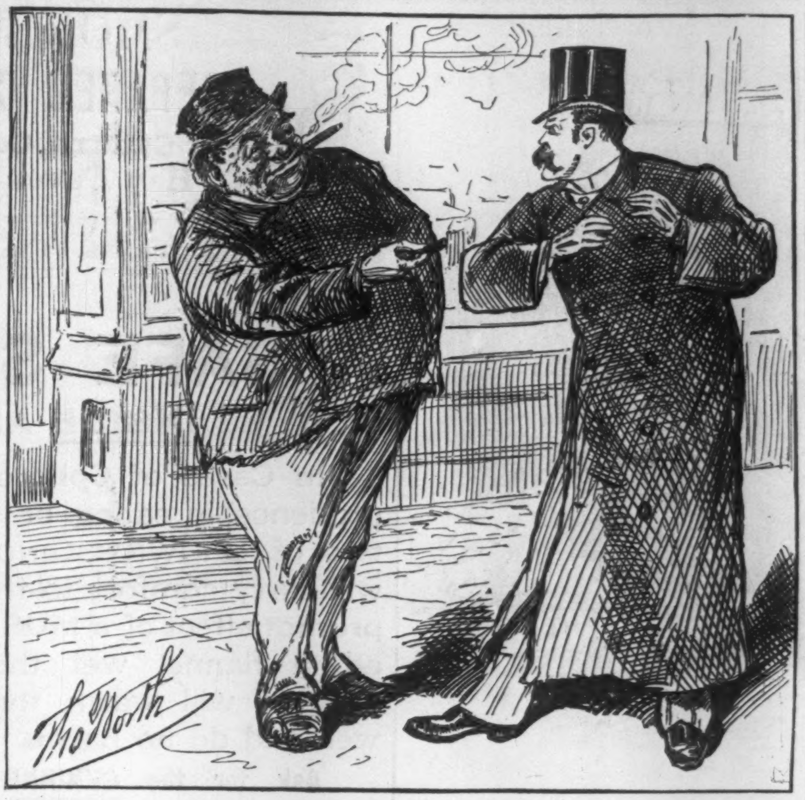
Also Prop. Dr. Stinson's Catarrh & Asthma Cures.

MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent **"WAVE."** The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their **convenience, comfort,** and the **decided improved appearance** given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute **necessity** to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of **Nature's Curly Hair,** they **cannot** get out of wave. They have no **false wig-like** look so observable in **all** other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. **Price,** $6 to $12 (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had **only** of **Mrs. C. Thompson, 107 State St., Chicago.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

PILLOW SHAM HOLDER **Beautiful FERN or BIRD** Patterns: holds Shams smoothly in place. Samples (three) sent by mail for **50c. Wm. F. BRETT,** No. 147 State St., Chicago, Ill. or Brockton, Mass.



CHEEK.

Gentleman (*who has been asked for a light*). "Confound your impudence; you hand me your old stump, and have got my cigar in your mouth!"

Stout Party. "Bless me, so I have! I thought I missed the flavor of my cigar, and I have not another to offer you."

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CONSTABLE, & CO.

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Paris made Suits, Evening and Reception Dresses, Garments for Seaside and Mountain, Carriage Wraps, Cloaks, and Mantles; also, a select stock of their own manufacture in the most fashionable materials, will be offered at greatly reduced prices, prior to taking the semi-annual inventory. French Pattern Suits and Sacques for Misses. New styles at equally low prices.

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Complete Wardrobes, containing 38 pieces, for $60.00.
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Stylish Sacques, Coats, and Suits on hand and made to order at
MODERATE PRICES.

Andrews' PARLOR FOLDING Bed. Bedding folds out of sight; it saves room—elegant, strong and comfortable. **15 styles.** Price, **$22** up. We guarantee satisfaction. Send for Ill. catalogue. Made **only** by **A. H. Andrews & Co.** Chicago, Ill.

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ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
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70 YOUR NAME in New Type on 70 Cards **10c.** New styles, by best artists: *Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc.*—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, **25c.** Great variety *Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards.* Lowest prices to dealers and printers. **100** *Samples Fancy Advertising Cards,* **50c.** Address STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

Agents Wanted. Sells Rapidly. Particulars *free.* **COSTS 4 SELLS 50** cts. S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n st. Boston, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC *FLESH* BRUSH.

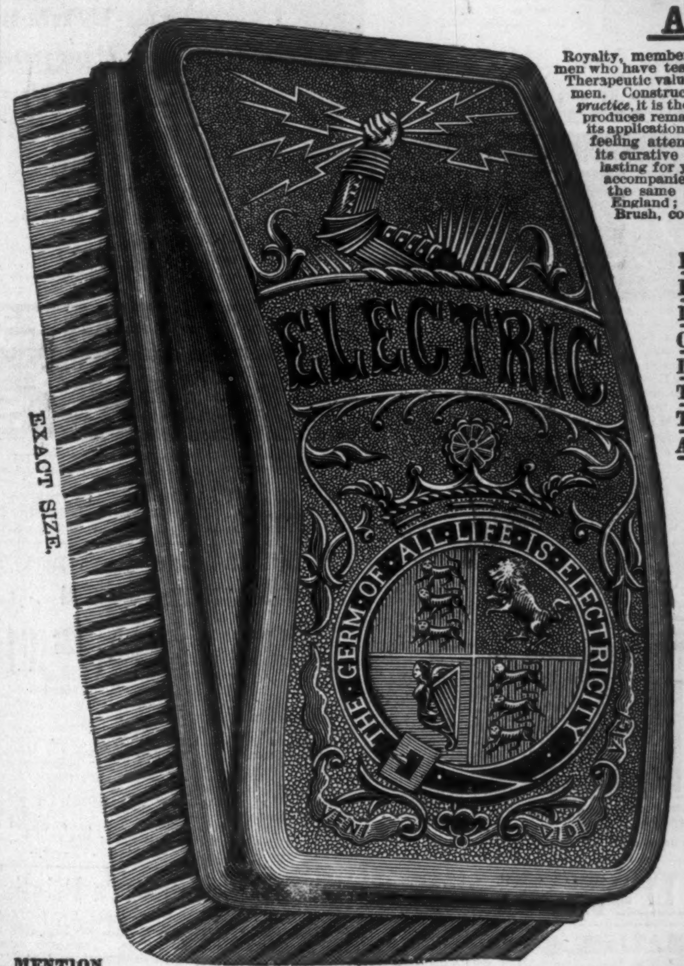
ASTONISHING CURES!

Royalty, members of her Majesty's Government, and many professional gentlemen who have tested the power of the brush are unanimous in its praise, and its Therapeutic value cannot be disputed, having the approval of numerous medical men. Constructed upon scientific principles, the *result of twelve years' study and practice*, it is thoroughly and permanently charged with an "Electric" force which produces remarkable cures. It generally gives relief in five to seven minutes, and its application is most agreeable and grateful, there being no shock or unpleasant feeling attending its use. Always doing good, it cannot harm, and aside from its curative powers is a beautiful flesh brush (wet or dry), elegantly carved and lasting for years. Its power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush. Our Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush having met with the same appreciation here, which its excellent merits secured for it in England; we now introduce to the American public his Electric Flesh Brush, confident that it will soon find its way into every household.

IT CURES

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Nervous Debility, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Toothache, Malarial Lameness, all Pains and Aches resulting from Colds, Impure Blood, and Impaired Circulation. It acts quickly in Stomach, Liver, and Kidney Troubles, and is a valuable assistant in their Treatment. It quickly Removes those "Back Aches" peculiar to *LADIES.*

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London. New York Branch: 842 Broadway.


ELECTRIC
THE GERM OF ALL LIFE IS ELECTRICITY

EXACT SIZE.

TESTIMONIALS.

Atwood's Pharmacy, Broadway, New York, May 15, 1881.
Dr Scott: I have sold at retail over my counter, during the last few months, over $3,500 worth of your Electric Brushes at $3.00 each. They give splendid satisfaction, and many have come back and bought the second, third, and fourth one. I have heard many customers praise them highly, and from my own personal knowledge, I know of most remarkable cures attending their use. I cordially recommend them to the public." Hermon W. Atwood.

"I prescribe it for my patients with the happiest results. Its cures are unquestionable." Dr. John Gavett Gibson, F.C.S.

"Better than all liniments and embrocations. We cannot too highly recommend it to the afflicted." Surgical Gazette.

"For some time past I have suffered from Rheumatism in my knee, I tried your Brush and the result astonished me, in less than three minutes the pain disappeared and I have not had it since. Wishing to convince myself still further, I took it to my place of business and cured two workmen of Neuralgia and a third of Toothache. I am now satisfied with the virtue of your Brush, and do not hesitate to speak a good word for it to suffering humanity."
Yours respectfully, Jesse M. Harr.

Space forbids our publishing innumerable letters of praise and gratitude from those using our Brush. Where addresses are not given they will be furnished with pleasure on application.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer?

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